Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1835. Whole No. 714.

The Burial of William the Conqueror.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Lowly upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay;
Baron and Chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And by the torch's blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear! forbear?" it cried,
"In the holiest name forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber there!

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvest which the earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house o'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot;
Hence! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birth-place not!

"Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave?

"The tree before him fell,
Which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have till'ed
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled,
And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

—Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust o'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star?

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven,
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven?

CRUIZE OF THE MIDGE.

Two or three days elapsed, during which I rapidly got better; so that on the fourth I was enabled to walk, with the support of De Walden's arm, to the prison, in place of being carried on a litter.

When we arrived, we were shown into the room where Lennox was confined; it was about four in the afternoon of a very hot, sultry day. The marine was sitting in his frock and trowsers, with his back towards us, looking out through the iron bars of the ungiazed window, that commanded a long street, and fronted the west. The creaking of the rusty lock, and clanking of the chain and bolt, that secured the door of the lofty apartment, did not disturb him; he merely, as he sat with his *legs* crossed on the small wooden chair, and clasped his hands on his knee, slightly nodded his head, but without turning his face, and said—"Come in."

"Well, Lennox," said De Walden, "here is Mr. Brail at last. You were not beginning to lose heart, were you?"

On this the poor fellow rose and confronted us. There was a sad change in his appearance since I saw him; he was pale and wan, and there was an unusual *feverishness* about him, and unsettled sparkling of his eye, that, from what I previously had known of his history, but too clearly indicated, that his reason was more unsettled than usual.

"I am very grateful for this visit, captain," said he at length, without directly answering Mr. De Walden. "I am glad to see you so far recovered, sir, but you look thin and pale yet—this will soon disappear, I hope—I trust it will soon disappear." Here his voice sunk into an unintelligible murmur, and his eye fell, as if it were repeating the words, without being conscious of their meaning—as if he had been *meandering*, to use his own phrase.

"Well, I have no doubt it will, and I have good reason to believe that you will be soon quite well too, Lennox; so get ready. I presume you know you are to appear before the *Jues* this afternoon, where you will instantly be released, I am told. Mr. De Walden and I are waiting for you."

He said nothing, but stooped down to gather some clothes that lay on a low pallet in the corner of the room; which having tied up in a bundle, he lifted his hat, and stood in the middle of the apartment ready to go. His *coldness*—it was not sullenness of manner, I knew—surprised me a good deal; but I said nothing, and the jailer now turned to conduct us into the court, where the judge was waiting to take my depositions. We had advanced ten or twelve paces along the dark stone passage, when Lennox, who was bringing up the rear, suddenly turned back, without speaking, and entered his prison-room, shutting the door very unceremoniously after him, and thereby depriving us of every particle of light where we stood.

"Hillo," said De Walden—"Master Lennox, this is not over and above civil."

"El marinero ese es loco, capitan," "That sailor is mad, captain," quoth the jailer.

"Mad or not, I will see if I cannot make him mend his manners," said I, as I returned with the young midshipman, groping for the door. We found it on the latch, and pushing it open, saw our amigo coolly seated in his chair, looking out of the window, in precisely the same attitude as when we first entered, "Now, sir," said I, really angry, "will you favour me with a reason for this most extraordinary conduct—this indecent behaviour to your superior officer? I am willing to make great allowance for your *infirmity*, as you call it, but this is a little too much on the brogue, my fine fellow." I had moved round in front of him by this time. He had dropped his eyes on the ground, with his hand pressed on his forehead; but in an instant he rose up, endeavouring to hide the tears that were rolling over his cheeks.

"Will you and Mr. De Walden *listen to me* for five minutes, captain, *before we go into* court?"

"I scarcely am inclined to humour you in your absurdities Lennox; but come, if you have any thing to say, out with it at once—make haste, my man." Seeing he hesitated, and looked earnestly at the jailer—"Oh, I perceive—will you have the kindness to leave us alone with the prisoner five minutes."

"Certainly," said the man—"I shall remain outside."

The moment he disappeared, Lennox dropped on his knees, and seemed to be engaged in prayer for some moments; he then suddenly rose, and retired a few paces from us. "Gentlemen, what I tell you I have seen, you may possibly ascribe to the effects of a heated imagination; nevertheless, I will speak the truth. The man who wounded you, captain, and now lies in the last extremity in the next room, is no other than Mr. Adderfang, the villain who through life has been my evil *genius*. Aye, you may smile incredulously: I expected nothing else; but it is true, and even *he* shall, if he can speak when you see him, confirm what I have told you. Do you not see the palpable intervention of an overruling Providence in this, captain? *Here* I encounter, against all human probability, in a strange country, with the very fiend who drove me forth, broken-hearted and deranged in mind, from my own? It is not chance, gentlemen—you will blaspheme," continued he impetuously, "if you call it chance—one from the dead has visited me, and told me it was not chance." His eye flashed fire as he proceeded with great animation and fluency—"Captain Brail, do not smile—do not smile. Believe me, that I speak the words of truth and soberness, when I tell you that *she* was *here* last night, as certainly as there is a God in heaven to reward the righteous and punish iniquity."

I let him go on.

"I was sitting, as you saw me, in that chair, sir, looking forth on the setting moon, as it hung above the misty hill-top, and was watching its lower limb as it seemed to flatten and loose its roundness against the outline of the land, and noticing the increasing size of the setting globe as the mist of morning rose up and floated around it, when I heard a deep sigh close behind me, I listened, and could distinguish low moaning sobs, but I had no power to turn around to look what it was. Suddenly the windows before me became gradually obscured, the dark walls thinned and became transparent, the houses and town disappeared, and I was conscious, aye, as sensible as I am that I speak the truth to you now, Mr. Brail, that I saw before me my own mountain lake, on the moonlight bank of which I last parted from Jessy Miller.

"The setting moon seemed to linger on the hill, and shed a longish ly wake on the midnight tarn, that slept in the hollow of the mountain, bright and smooth as if the brown moss had been inlaid with polished steel, except where a wild-duck *spiled* over the shining surface, or the *wing* of the slow sailing owl, flitted winnowingly across, dimming it for a moment, like a mirror breathed upon. I was sitting on the small moss-grown cairn, at the eastern end; the shadow of the black hills was cast so clearly in the water, that you could not trace the shore of the small lake, nor define the water line beneath the hazel bushes, and the stars were reflected in another heaven scarcely less pure than their own. I heard the rushing of the burn over its rugged channel, as it blended with the loch, and the melancholy bleating of the sheep on the hill-side, and the low bark of the colleys, and the distant shouts of the herds watching the circular folds, high up on the moor, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, glancing down, I saw a long, pale female hand resting on it, as if a person was standing behind me; it was thin and wasted, and semi-transparent as alabaster, or a white cornelian stone, with the blue veins twining amongst the prominent sinews, and on the marriage finger there was a broken ring—I saw it as clearly as I see my own hand now, for the ends of the small gold wire of which it was composed, stood up and out from the finger. I kenned weel who was there, but I had no power to speak. The sigh was repeated, and I heard a low still voice, like a distant echo from the hill-side, although I had a fearful conviction that it was uttered close behind me, inarticulate at first, but presently it assumed a composed but most melancholy tone—yes, Mr. Brail, so sure as there is a God above us, Jessy Miller—yea, the dead spoke in that awful moment to the living."

"Oh, nonsense, man," I said; "really you are getting mad in earnest now, Lennox; this will never do."

He paid no attention to me, but went on—

"'Saunders,' it said, 'I have come to tell you that him ye ken o'—he wa crushed my heart until it spilt in twain—he wa heaped the mools on my head, and over the child I bare him—will also help you to an early grave.' The hand on my shoulder grew heavy as lead. 'He has meikle to answer for to you, Saunders, and I have mair; and to me he has—but I maun dree my weird.' Here the voice was choaked in small inaudible sobs, blending with which I thought I heard the puling as of a new born baby, when a gradually swelling cough came down the hill-side, like the rushing of the blast through the glen, and the water in the placid loch trembled in the waning moonbeams like that in a moss-hag* steady reflection of the stars in it twinkled and when a wagon rolls past, and the hitherto multiplied as if each spark of living fire had become two; and although there was not a breath out of heaven, small ripples lap-lapped on the pebbly shore, and a heavy shower of dew was shaken from the leaves of the solitary auld saugh that overhung the northern bank of the wee loch, sparkling in the moonlight like diamonds, and the scathed and twisted oak stump on the opposite hill that bisected the half-vanished disk of the pale moon, as she lingered like a dying friend looking his last at us, shook palpably to and fro, and a rotten limb of it fell, and the solid earth of the cold hill-side trembled and heaved, as if they who slept in the grey cairn beneath had heard the summons of the Archangel, when, lo! the dead hand was withdrawn with a faint shriek, like the distant cry of the water-hen, and I turned in desperation to see—what? a thin wreath of white mist float up the hill-side, and gradually melt into the surrounding darkness. And once more I was seated where you now see me, with that rusty staunchel clearly defined against the small segment of the pale moon, that still lingered above the horizon. The next moment it was gone, and I was left in darkness."

"All a dream, Lennox; all the produce of your heated imagination. There was a slight shock of an earthquake last night at the time you mention, just at the going down of the moon, and that was the noise you heard and the tremor you perceived, so rouse yourself man. Adderfang, if it really be him, from all accounts, is dying, and you will soon be safe from *his* machinations, at all events."

He said nothing more—whether my arguments had convinced him or no, was another thing—but we all proceeded to the room where the judge was waiting for us, and my declaration immediately freed poor Lennox; after which we were requested to accompany the officers of the court, who, along with their interpreter, were proceeding to the wounded man's room, to take his dying declaration.

The daylight had entirely failed by the time we reached the cell where Adderfang lay. We were met at the door by a Carmelite priest, who appeared in great wrath, and muttered something about a "Heritico condenado." We entered. It was an apartment of the same kind as the one in which Lennox had been confined, and had a low pallet on one side, fronting the high iron-barred window. From the darkness I could merely make out that some person lay on the bed, writhing about, apparently in great pain. A candle was brought, and we could see about us. It shone brightly on the person of a tall bushy-whiskered desperado, who lay on the bed, covered by a sheet, groaning and breathing very heavily. I approached; his features were very sharp and pale, his lips black, and his beard unshaven; his eyes were shut, and his long hair spread all over the pillow.

He appeared to be attended by a slight, most beautiful Spanish girl, apparently a fair Mulatto, who was sitting at the head of the bed, brushing away the musquitoes, and other night flies, with a small bunch of peacock's feathers, with the hot tears trickling down her cheeks, and over her quivering lips, until they fell on her distracted and heaving bosom. But she was silent; her sobs were even inaudible; her grief was either too deep for utterance, or the fear of disturbing the dying moments of her lover made her dumb.

> 'O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'

Hearing a bustle in the room, Adderfang now spoke, in a low and interrupted voice—it was in Spanish.

"Padre, do not persist—I do not want your services—you cannot smooth my pillow—do not therefore try to strew more thorns there—Heaven knows they are numerous enough, and sharp enough already."

"Can this be the villain who stabbed me?" said I, somewhat moved.

The poor girl at this stooped down, and whispered something into his ear.

"Ah!" said he, "I had forgot—I had forgot; but your tears scald me, Antonia—hot—hot:" and with a sudden effort, as if ashamed to evince how much he was suffering, and a fierce energy, he controlled the twitching of his feverish limbs, clasped his hands on his bosom, and opening his blood shot-eyes for the first time, took a steady survey of us. He then glanced to the jailer.

"This is the captain of the feluca, who was stabbed by you," said the Spaniard. He nodded. "This is the English marine Lennox, who came up with the guard and took you prisoner."

I could not help remarking, when Lennox was introduced to him; that the wounded man smiled bitterly, as much as to say—"I know *him* but too well, and he has a fearful cause to know me. "Mr. Brail," said he, (I had to stoop to catch his words, he spoke in so low a tone,) "I am aware of the object of this visit—it is all proper. Let the escribano there get his paper ready; I shall make short work of the confessional."

The man sat down. Adderfang again shut his eyes, and seemed for a few moments to be gathering his thoughts about him; at length—

"I acknowledge that I stabbed the English Lieutenant Brail, and robbed him afterwards; and that the English marine, Lennox, acted nobly and honourably in coming to the assistance of his officer. He was the man who wounded me. There you have it all; engross it, and I will sign it."

As if desirous of being heard distinctly, he had, as he pronounced these words with difficulty, in detached sentences, raised himself on his left arm, and now, as if exhausted, he fell back with his head on poor Antonia's lap. There was a long pause.

"But why," said the Juez at length—"why did you waylay Mr. Brail."

"For two reasons," replied the dying bravo; "first, because I harboured revenge for the destruction of my vessel by him on the bar of the African river; secondly, because he took my last stiver from me at the gaming-table."

"Evil motives both, my son, to be entertained by any, but especially by one standing on the threshold of eternity. Let me send for a priest, that he may shrive you, and probably, with God's blessing, induce you to repent before you go hence."

I turned to look at the person who spoke. He was a tall and very dark Spaniard, his age might have been sixty, and his short and scanty hair was of a silver grey. He was plainly dressed in black, and sat at a small table, and opposite to him the escribano, or notary, with his paper before him, and pen ready wet with ink.

"It is of no use, *and I will not*," said Adderfang; "besides, if I am any thing at all, I am a Protestant—and as the tree falls, so must it lie—it is a part of my creed—*creed!*" he here interjected to himself with great bitterness—"*my creed!* whatever it may be of yours, and I feel that all the roots that knit me to the earth have already parted, save one; therefore, let me die, if not in peace, at least in quietness."

He stopped to take breath, and when he proceeded, it was in a voice even more weak and trembling than before.

"Yes, Heaven knows, villain as I have been, that they have all snapped *but one*"—and he caught the hand of the poor girl, and tried to place it on his heart, but his strength failed him. She wept aloud at this unexpected burst of feeling, and the contagion of her tears extended even to the stony heart of the wounded man himself. The iron had at length entered into his soul, and what the retrospect of his own ill-spent life—what the intensity of his present agony, and the fearful prospect before him through eternity, could not wring from him, now flowed at the sight of the poor girl's misery, as if his bosom had been a tender woman's. He wept aloud.

"Yes—my evil courses have but too justly estranged all my kindred from me; one friend has dropped off after another, until, in the prime of life, after having squandered a handsome patrimony, and having been educated as a gentleman, with every thing around me that ought to have made me happy, to this have I come at last!" He groaned heavily. "You see before you, Mr. Brail, not a *fiend, but an everyday villain*—a man not naturally wicked—one who did not love evil for evil's sake, but who became the willing slave of his passions, and held no law, human or divine, in reverence, when they were to be gratified. Aye, Thomas Adderfang, here you lie on a death-bed from violence—from a wound sustained in the act of stabbing and robbing another, to gratify revenge, and the paltry desire of repossessing money squandered at the gaming-table, and with the certainty that, if a miracle interposed, and you recovered, your life would still be taken on the scaffold. Aye, here you lie," continued he with increasing energy, "without one soul in the wide world to say God bless you, or to close your eyes when you are gone, but my poor Antonia here."

Here the poor girl's anguish became uncontrollable, although she could not have understood what he said, and she threw herself on the bed, in such a position, as to give her paramour great pain; a shudder passed over his face, and he endeavoured to turn himself round, so as to gain an easier position. In the action the wound in his side burst out afresh, and presently a dark puddle coagulated on the sheet at his right side. The doctor of the prison was in immediate attendance, and applied styptics to staunch the bleeding; all the time he seemed in a dead faint—he made no movement, and when the wound was dressed, and he was placed on his bed, I did not know, as I bent over him, whether the spirit had fled or not.

Lennox, with the judge's permission, now took one of the candles from the table, and held it to his face—he still breathed. But in the silence within the room, I perceived that the weather without began to grow gusty and boisterous; I could hear the rain lashing against the wall of the prison, and the blast howled round the roof, and threatened to extinguish the candle. The freshness of the night wind, however, reanimated the sufferer in a wonderful degree; and when I rose, with an intention of closing the shutters, to prevent the rain beating through on his face, as he lay propped up on the poor girl's bosom, fronting the narrow aperture, he had strength enough to ask me, in a low husky voice, "to leave it open, the coolness and moisture revived him."

Lennox now spoke—"Mr. Adderfang, I have come on purpose to say that I"—his voice faltered, and he leant against the wall for a brief space—"to say that *I forgive* you—aye, as freely as I hope God will forgive me at the last day. Give me your hand, Mr. Adderfang, and say you forgive me also, for having wounded you."

The dying man shrunk from him, and drew his hand back—"No, no, Saunders, you cannot be sincere, you cannot be sincere; you cannot have forgotten *her* injuries, you cannot have forgotten your own."

"Yes," said the poor fellow solemnly, "I have prayed for many a long year that I might be able to forgive you—even you; and my prayer has been heard at last. Oh, if you would even at the ninth hour appeal to the same merciful Being, might be not show his mercy to your dying soul!"

"I cannot—I cannot pray," said Adderfang, as impetuously as his weakness would let him—"I cannot pray—I have never prayed, Saunders—oh, would to God I had! would that I could redeem one week! But it would be of no avail," groaned he, in a low altered tone—"all has been foreordained—I have been the slave of an irrevocable destiny—I could have acted no otherwise than I have done; and if there be a hereafter, and a God"——

"If there be!" said I,—"Heaven have mercy on you, Mr. Adderfang, and turn your heart even now in your extremity."

"Oh! Mr. Brail, I know myself—I am quite conscious of my inherent wickedness—the damning conviction is burned in on my heart, that even if I were to recover, I should again fall into the same courses—I am quite certain of it; so why appeal to the Invisible"—he paused, and gasped for breath—"why insult Heaven with vain promises of amendment, which I could not, and would not keep were I to survive? why play the hypocrite now? why lie to God, when"—here he put his hand to his side, as if in great suffering—"when, if there be such a Being, I must, in all human probability, appear before him in half an hour, when no lie will serve me? But let me do an act of justice—yes, call the priest"—he now spoke in Spanish—"call the priest. Rise, Antonia, and kiss me; you are another victim"—he groaned again—"I promised you marriage before I wove my web of deceit round your innocent heart—you have often prayed me to remember that solemn promise since you were ensnared, and I have as often laughed you to scorn, or answered you with a brutal jest—I will accede to your request now, call the priest, let him be quick, or death will prevent"—He swooned again.

Presently the venerable friar, without any trace of his anger at the previous rejection of his services, was at his bedside. I never shall forget the scene. It was now quite dark, and the two large brown wax tapers were flickering in the current of air that came strong through the window, and stirred the few hairs of the venerable Juez, who sat at the table. The lights cast a changeful glare on his face, and on that of the old priest who was standing beside the pillow of the dying man dressed in his long dark robe, with a cord round his waist, supporting a silver crucifix that glanced in the light, and on the tall form of the beautiful Spanish girl, that lay across the bed, her stockingless feet covered by a neat grass slipper, and on her pale olive complexion and fine features, and her hair plaited in three distinct braids, that hung down her back, intertwined with black ribbon, and sparkling in her large black swimming eye, and on the diamondlike tears that chased each other over her beautiful features and swelling and more than half naked bosom. Lennox and myself were standing at the foot of the bed: De Walden was leaning on the back of the escribano's chair, with his face so turned as to see that of the wounded man, who lay still as death, the yellow light shining, by fits, full on the sun-burnt complexion and unshaven chin, and strong muscular neck, and glancing on the clotted curls, that matted in the perspiration from his forehead by intense suffering.

He gradually recovered. The priest signed to Antonia to rise, and I took her place on the bed; he placed her hand in that of Mr. Adderfang, who looked steadily and consciously at him but he could not speak. The service proceeded, the grunts without increasing, and the rain lashing to a degree that almost drowned the old man's voice. Adderfang being unable to repeat the responses, merely acknowledged them by nodding as the service proceeded; at length when it was asked of him, "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" he made an effort, and replied distinctly, "Yes."

Ha—what is that? A flash of lightning—a loud shriek echoed through the room, loud above the rolling thunder—and then a convulsive giggle—something fell heavily on the floor—the wind howled, the lights were blown out—"Ave Maria purissima—sancta madre—soy ciego—soy—ciego!" "Holy Mother of God, I am struck blind!" The unfortunate girl had indeed been struck by the electric fluid, and was now writhing sightless on the floor; we endeavoured to remove her, but she had got her arms twined round the foot of the bed, and resisted all our efforts. "Dexa me morir cerca mi quirido Thomas—ah Dios! dexa me morir aqui." Lights were immediately procured, and the shutters closed; and there lay Adderfang, apparently quite sensible, but glaring round him like a wounded tiger. I never can forget the bitter smile that played on his haggard features, like the lurid glare of a stormy sunset. I turned away and shuddered, but curiosity compelled me to look at him again. He shook his head as his eye caught mine, and pointed upward, as if he had said—"You see the very heaven leagues against me." He then signed for some cordial that stood on the table; having drank it, it revived him for a minute almost miraculously. He again shed a flood of tears, and sobbing audibly, clasped his hands on his bosom and prayed aloud. Yes, the assassin, the libertine, the seducer, for a short minute bent meekly as a child before the storm of his sufferings!

"Oh, Almighty God, whose laws I have so fearfully contemned, bear my prayers for *her*—hear the prayers of one, who dare not pray for himself."

A low growling thunder-clap had gradually rolled on from a distance as he proceeded, but when he got this length, it roared over head in a series of loud reports, as if a seventy-four had fired her broadside close to us, shaking the dust from the roof and walls of the room, and making the whole prison tremble as at the upheaving of an earthquake. He ceased—and the noise gradually grumbled itself to rest in the distance, and again, nothing but the bowling of the tempest without was heard.

"The voice of the Almighty," at length he said, speaking in short sentences with great difficulty, and in a low sigh-like voice—"yea, the sound of my condemnation—Heaven rejects, and will not hear my prayers. I am ruined and condemned here and hereafter—palpably condemned by the Eternal while yet on earth, body and soul—body and soul—condemn"——He ceased—a strong shiver passed over his face—his jaw fell; and Lennox, stepping up to him, closed his eyes—stooped his cheek towards his mouth to perceive if he still breathed—then holding up his hand, he solemnly said—"*He hath departed.*"

SONG.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

Thou art lovelier than the springing
Of a flower in sunny June,
Thy voice is like the singing
Of the night-bird by the Moon.
Thine eyes have all the brightness
Of the morning's birth of dawn,
And thy foot the bounding lightness
Of a wood-nymph's on the lawn.

There is beauty in each feature
Of thy mind illumined face,
And I bless thee, as a creature
Full of majesty and grace.
Like the onrush of a river,
Arrow-darting by its shore,
In the tide of love which ever
Flows to thee, dear Leonor!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MR. EDITOR—I noticed in your paper, a short time since, a brief essay, under the title "An American Girl." As it is neither marked original or selected,* I know not, to whom to direct my reply, in defence of American females. It must have been written by some one, not a native of this country, or I would pity the man, who he'd a countrywomen in such an estimation. I was pleased with its commencement, but much displeased with it, what is represented as the mental endowments of the lady.

We admit personal peculiarities to be fixed and decided; those which are ascribed to families or societies, are accompanied with exceptions; but no trait of character can be applied, as a general rule to a whole nation, without admitting an immense number of deviations. I will not pretend to deny, that our country has produced females, similar to the one described in the piece referred to; so has, also, every other country, but as a general character of the American female, it is grossly erroneous.

Your correspondent, if such he be, would deny to the ladies all intellect, and admire them, only for their beauty, gentleness, and because that, by dwelling on the contemplation of such a being, his estimation of himself, as vastly superior, is elevated. How absurd, to describe them as entertaining friends, with stories of dogs and birds, and the display of all their personal acquirements, unasked and undesired.

Where, in what nation, can you find those of more elevated principles, more solidity of mind and intellect, true greatness of soul, and sterling worth of character? I might enquire, has not the noble spirit of our free country elevated their hearts above all others? But I will content myself, with rendering them equal, and not aspire to superiority over the other sex, and other nations.

Females of America! how long will you permit such aspersions to rest on your character? if they were cast upon us, merely for the sake of controversy, 'twere well; but, I fear there are too many, who, however they may try to conceal it, feel a contempt for us, and for all that we can say to vindicate ourselves; so firm is the prejudice planted in their hearts of our mental inferiority, that they will not believe it can ever be eradicated. How long will you, by your silence, permit the prepossessions against us, occasioned by those few, who have really given cause for such opinions, to rest as true, tacitly acknowledged by all? Does it arise from the idea that females should submit, and forbear to resist? And will you be so weak? I would rather, far, believe your silence a token, that you considered it beneath your dignity, to notice them at all. But it has proceeded too far; falsehood is gaining ground, and truth, unsupported, must give way before it, in some measure. I do not intend to convey the idea, that man could wish to reduce us to that state, in which we are placed by uncivilized nations. I cannot form so mean an opinion of those, who arise in defence of bachelors; but it impairs their selfish consequence, to consider us their equals in intellect;—and their equals we certainly are, with only the difference caused by vastly diverging systems of education. Do not understand me as wishing females to pursue law, medicines, or other professions! these are branches, which belong exclusively to the other sex, but I would not have woman considered as incapable of understanding them. It is far more to the advantage of society, that she should cultivate the more feminine attainments, the social virtues, and christian influences, rather than mingle in political disputations; yet she should know the interests of her country, and feel herself proud of the name of an American.

There are those, and for the honour of humanity, I hope and believe, they are isolated individuals, who, not content with denying to woman, capacity of understanding, go yet farther, and affirm, that she is incapable of performing her own exclusive duties.

If ever the time arrives, when the majority of men entertain that opinion, I propose that females voluntarily resign their seat ons to the gentlemen, on condition, however, that they, after taking a course of instruction from Miss Martineau, as her disciples, usurp the laws and politics of the country.

Reflect, for one moment, ye thoughtless slanderers of the female sex, on the probable state of society at such a crisis! entirely destructive of the polish and softness of strictly feminine pursuits; the rich fonds of intellectual pleasure, arising from literature and the arts, sacrificed to political controversy and legal disputations. I ought, in justice to Miss Martineau, to state, that, having never read her works, I am no judge of her merits, and would not wish to derogate her character, by my expressions with regard to her.

ARIETTA.

*The article alluded to we cut from one of our exchange papers. If we mistake not it is an extract from a late work on America, by an English or German traveller.—ED.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO FEMALES.

From "My Daughter's Book."

This question has been disputed,—one party insisting that girls should always sit erect, while others are ad vocates for a lounging position. It is not difficult to show that both are wrong. When a delicately formed female is supposed to be sitting erect, she is generally sitting crooked; to a superficial observer she may appear quite straight; but any one who will sit on a music stool, and endeavour to keep up his body in a perpendicular line for ten minutes, will be convinced that it is difficult for a strong man to sit as long as a delicate female is expected to do, without allowing the spine to sink on one side or fall forwards. The attempt to sit erect beyond a certain time is injurious: for although bending the spine occasionally is useful rather than hurtful, yet when it is done involuntarily, and when the bend is attempted to be concealed by an endeavour to keep the head straight, there is a danger of the spine becoming twisted. Indeed, a double curve, as generally the consequence, there is first a bend on one side, to give ease to the fatigued muscles; and then to conceal this, there is a second curve, that is necessarily accomplished by a slight twist in the vertical line of the whole column. The proposal to allow the children to sit in a crooked or lounging position, seems to have been founded on the idea that all the muscles are more relaxed in this way than even when the child lies at full length on its back.

This notion is certainly incorrect, and such a mode of sitting is injurious for even were the muscles more relaxed by it, the bones and the ligaments acquire such a shape as naturally produces distortion. It may naturally be asked how a girl should sit, since it would appear, whether she is in an erect or stooping position, she is equally in danger of being crooked. As sitting in a manner generally recommended affords little or no support to one who is weak, the answer would be, that a delicate girl should not sit for more than five or ten minutes without having some support to her back, and when she is fatigued, that she should lie down or recline on a couch. But, as it would be very annoying to a girl not to be allowed to sit up except for a short time, and as a couch is not always at hand, we must endeavour to show how a delicate girl may remain in an upright position for a considerable time without incurring any risk of becoming crooked.

This leads to an inquiry into the merit of the chairs which are at present generally used by children.—Young ladies are often obliged, while at their music lessons, to sit upon those chairs which have high backs, long legs and small seats. These chairs are said to have been invented by a very eminent surgeon, and are intended to prevent distortion, by some operation upon the spine, or as the most effectual means of supporting the body. It is difficult to imagine how a chair of this description can effect the first purpose, and to understand how far it is calculated for the second, the reader should make the experiment on a chair of the same proportion to his figure, as the chair in question is to that of a little girl. He will find that if the seat or surface on which he rests is small in proportion to his body, the chest will, after a time, either fall forward or to one side, unless he exert himself to a degree that is very fatiguing. Indeed, if the seat be at the time so high that the feet do not rest fairly on the ground, but dangle under the chair, a forward position of the head is almost necessary to preserve the balance of the figure. The objection to such chairs has been met with the assertion, that girls feel remarkably comfortable in them. This is no argument in favour of their use; for it is not uncommon for a girl who has seven or eight pounds of iron strapped upon her body, and next to her skin, to say the machine annoys her so little that she does not care how long she wears it. But, whether this chair is agreeable or not, it is easy to show that it is not calculated to give much proper support to the body, and that it is almost impossible for a delicate girl to sit long in a natural or easy position upon it. It may be allowed that the chair we consider the most comfortable, that is, the chair which affords the most support to the body, should, if made in proper proportions, be the best for a delicate girl. In such a chair the seat should be scarcely higher than the knees (thus permitting the whole of the foot to rest upon the floor) and of such a size, that on sitting back the upper part of the calves nearly touch it. This form of seat is very different from that of the chair alluded to, the back of which is equally objectionable; for instead of being in some degree shaped to the natural curves of the spine, it is made nearly straight; and projects so as to push the head forward. A delicate girl should always sit so as to rest against the back of her chair, and if the lower part of her spine is weak, a small cushion will afford great relief. As it is quite a mistake to suppose that the shoulders, if raised in any other way than by the action of the muscles, or by the curvature of the spine and ribs, will continue high, there is no real objection to a girl who is delicate being supported by an arm chair; for occasionally resting on the elbows, a considerable weight is taken off from that part of the spine which is most likely to yield. These observations refer only to the manner in which the delicate girls, whose spines are still straight, should sit, when the spine is actually distorted, it will be necessary to use other means.

ON AN ABSENT FRIEND,

Resident of Charleston, South Carolina.

Accept the ardent wishes of a faithful friend;
May peace and happiness on all thy steps attend!
Since thou to visit distant lands must go:
To meet those friends, who thy lov'd virtue know.
Oh! may the enlightening beams of heav'n divine,
Mark thy pure thoughts and o'er each action shine,
With bright success may every effort prove:
The joys, the comforts, of redeeming love.—
When angry clouds disturb the briny deep,
Or gentle breezes in their caverns sleep,
Calm and composed thou dost behold the hour,
Fearless the sweet supported by God's power,
Pursues the paths unconscious of each ill,
Thy task allotted by thy Saviour's will.—
When thou at evening's solemn prayers attend,
Oh! breathe one aspiration for thy absent friend.

ANNA.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CAVEAT—No. 2.—THE CLEVER MAN.

This is a character which to the many has a peculiar charm: it is one too that many are anxious to acquire: and to them it is an object of as eager and strong ambition as the highest station in the land is to others. To be possessed of the character of a "Clever Man" is to be possessed of a magic influence with which to tickle the ears and fancy of a great part of the easy and good natured portion of the human family. It is to be the "little great man" of a circle, larger or smaller, according to the sphere and standing of a man, or the number of a neighborhood. It is a character which makes its owner looked on with a certain degree of love and kindness by all of the more superficial of one's neighbors, and it gains him a name which, while it sounds euphonious in the mouths of others, falls with an agreeable cadence on his own ears.

The "Clever Man" is easily known by even a slight acquaintance—every one knows him, and yet he is a character as little understood as the most reserved and disguised, by the generality of people. These thoughts were suggested by overhearing a conversation relating to one of the species, which, as it afforded a good specimen of the class, I annex for the benefit and instruction of all who may be so favoured as to read my profound lucubrations. I judge they must have had considerable conversation on the subject before I caught their words distinctly.

"Well, I must confess there is some truth in what you say respecting those persons called "clever fellows," but I am sure you will agree with me that neighbor B—— is an exception.—You will allow that he is disinterestedly clever, and naturally generous. I doubt not you have seen him many times give very liberally to the poor and needy: at least I have, and I sometimes think he does so to an extent that his income hardly warrants."

"It is very true that B—— gives liberally. I have seen him do so often, and as you say, he gives more than his situation demands. He does this however because he is a "clever fellow," not because he is generous in disposition. If you will remember, he always shows his liberality when there are plenty of his friends around, and the recipients of his favor are generally of a character much like his own. They are hail fellows with him, men who like himself, are fond of being merry, and indulge freely in the bottle."

"True.—But I hope you dont mean that because they are jovial companions it is not equally a merit to afford them relief, or that because such relief is extended in the presence of others that it lessens the generosity."

"No, the act itself may be equally good, but when such are done *only* before many, or in such a way that they can be, and are likely to be, readily blazoned around, we are induced to question the motives which prompt it:—at least when I see a man act in that way I am impressed with the idea that he is doing it for effect, and is courting popularity, or seeks for the reputation of generosity and desires to be called a liberal man. At once, in nine cases out of ten, I set that man down as a "clever fellow;" as to the recipients, the merit is the same, whether it be given to a drunkard or a sober man, so that it be done in a way to really benefit him: but as in the case of B——, donations are usually made to jovial fellows, as you call them, in such a way and at such times, as to do them little real good, but on the contrary, much real harm. Do you not think from what you have seen of B——'s charity, that most of it is spent in dissipation?"

"It never occurred to me before but now, I own, that I do believe such to be the case."

"I have long thought so, and I am sure that he too must know it, and it is for these reasons that I think him not a generous man. He exceeds his means and thereby does injustice to himself and his family, and in that is ungenerous. His bounty he knows is turned to a bad use, as instead of lessening the ills of humanity it augments them, and therefore he is not only not generous, but lives against every charitable and good feeling. True generosity gives with a discriminating hand, and is certain of some good to be accomplished before it supplies means which can be applied to evil purposes."

"You think then he is not really entitled to be called "clever?"

"You mistake me. I do think him deserving that appellation—He has worked hard for it, and it appears to be the great aim of his life, but it is a name that confers but little credit, and gains him no real respect. He bestows apparently with a careless sort of prompt natural liberality, and he does so in order to gain something more to sustain his title of "clever-fellow." It raises him in his own esteem as he thinks it a character to be looked on with admiration;—and he ascends one step higher on the ladder of his ambition."

Such was the character I heard given to one "clever man,"—is it not very applicable to many others?—to the light, the easy natured, the gay and giddy and to all who think there is "much in a name," I would say, be not deceived by the glitter that attaches to the appellation "clever fellow," for on a close inspection you will find that which shone like golden be merely brass.

P.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No—8.

Squibb leaning on a table, dozing—Fustian with his feet over a second chair.

Sir Oracle—(entering)—I see, I see—such are the effects of late hours and dissipation. No conversation to night, I suppose, gentlemen?

Fustian—Conversation?—Yes, on the subject of the Citizens' Ball, I will talk with you for twenty-four hours, and then Squibb will detain you for forty-eight more.

Squibb—(soliloquising)—Exquisite creature—made for another world—such sparkling, penetrating black eyes—such a lively, animated face—such brilliancy and wit in conversation—such an elastic, graceful form—such—

Sir Oracle—Stay, Squibb, I am entirely satisfied. I acknowledge the eloquence of your portrait, and have full confidence in your judgment; she was, indeed, an angelic creature—but to which of the many pretty and enchanting girls present do you allude?

Squibb—To whom *could* I allude but to the all-conquering Miss ——? Which of the stars in the brilliant galaxy, which of the diamonds in that mine of beauty, sparkled and shone like her? P'shaw! you provoke my anger with your coldness, when I speak of the girl that has stolen my heart and made me miserable?

Fustian—Nay, Sir Oracle, spare your mirth as well as your philosophy. Squibb is desperately in love, and sincerely so, until he sees a new face. Miss —— is only the sixteenth lady to whom he has made love since our last meeting.

Sir Oracle—And yet our poor friend talks of being miserable!—*Risum teneati amici?*—How preposterous it is to fret and fume about a pretty and intelligent girl, when the impression she makes is so transient, and when another "lady-love" can be obtained with so much facility.

Fustian—Squibb, however, in this case, is deserving of some commiseration. The lady with whom he danced—whose fair hand he was permitted to clasp in his—whose eyes imparted such rapt

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, April 4.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 38 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscriptions, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The request of "M. J. B." will be attended to, as early as possible.

The lines on a flower, by Tyro, certainly have merit, and we can do no less than give a portion of them a place. The annexed are beautifully pathetic:

"Alas! 'twas not a flowret then,
Nor was there any spreading tree;
But 'twas a lady young and fair—
A mother watched her mournfully."

The only verse that we have ever met with, that can be compared to the above, is the following epitaph on a young lady engaged to be married, who died very suddenly. It is copied from a tombstone in Scotland.

"The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But alas! before the marriage day arrived,
She sickened and she died."

The favours from our correspondent Agnes, will meet attention.

Sextz is on file.

The articles from the pen of Eavestus will be published as early a day as possible.

L. M. next week.

We cannot answer the question put to us by "M. C. S." until we see a specimen of the articles referred to.

A large portion of the stock of the Lancaster and Harrisburg Rail-road Company has been taken, and the work will be commenced without delay.

The steamboats on the line from New York to Providence, have removed their trips. These boats are as swift and as commodious as any in the country, and they are commanded by gentlemen who are adepts in the art of making those around them happy. Capt. Thayer, of the Providence, is one of the best fellows that "Down East" has ever produced, and never fails to make his passengers as comfortable as if they were in their own parlours.

HURLICK.

This disturber of the peace of the community has at length got his reward. We gave an account, a few weeks since, of a disgraceful assault committed by him on the person of Mr. William Crumpe, under a pretence of collecting a militia fine. For that assault, he was indicted and tried at the Mayor's court, and the jury, without a moment's hesitation after the case was committed them, found Hurlick guilty. The Recorder sentenced him to pay a fine of $1, and to suffer imprisonment in the county jail, for the term of one year.

We learn that the net proceeds of the Citizens' Ball will not fall short of *seventeen hundred dollars*, which will be paid over to the Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen. The Association has recently been incorporated by the legislature.

Mr. Borden, of steamboat notoriety, has lately invented a machine for the manufacture of *horse shoes*. It is said to operate with great facility. Some ingenious mechanic should now turn his attention to an apparatus for shoeing horses by steam.

Large shad were sold in our fish market on Thursday morning, for 50 cents a piece; those of smaller size 25 cents. Next week, we apprehend, the price will be considerably lower.

A few minutes after eight o'clock on Sunday night, a fire broke out in a frame building at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets, and produced considerable alarm, as the night was dark, and the light was reflected across the sky in the most vivid manner. The building was occupied as a blacksmith and wheelwright shop, and was soon destroyed. The Firemen were active as usual, and we regret to learn that a member of the Phœnix Hose Company was severely injured.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"An Evening at Neil's—No. 8," will be found on our first page. No. 9 is received, and will be given in our next.

Chinese Philosophy.—The second volume of the uniform edition of the works of Thomas Dick, was published during the week, by Messrs. Key & Biddle. It contains the Christian Philosopher, a production of extraordinary merit and usefulness, that should be read constantly by all who desire pure and sound philosophy. The truths of religion and the wisdom of Providence, are most beautifully and eloquently illustrated in this excellent volume.

The typographical execution of the work is highly creditable to the publishers.

State Journal.—"The Democratic State Journal," is the title of a new paper just commenced at Harrisburg, in this state. It is published by Messrs. G. W. Crabb and O. Barrett, and the number before us evidences much editorial ability. The State Journal will support the cause of Muhlenburg and Van Buren.

The American Magazine.—The March number of this periodical, just published, is embellished with nineteen engravings, and contains a variety of useful and interesting articles. The usual contents of the work are—sketches of distinguished characters, descriptions of public buildings, landscape scenery, natural history, &c. Mr. Fessenden, in Franklin Place, is the agent for the work in this city.

No Fiction.—An edition of the excellent novel, from the pen of the Rev. Andrew Reed, has recently been published by the Harpers, of New York. This work, strictly speaking, is a sermon or a religious novel, and may be classed with similar works by Hannah More and Mrs. Sherwood. The author alleges, without confidence, that save the change of names, and a few very trifling alterations, it is a narrative of facts, and all who have read the work will agree that the story is well told and the incidents remarkable. "No Fiction" is calculated to do much good to the younger portion of society, as it conveys an excellent moral.

The work may be obtained at the store of H. Perkins.

Influence—a Moral Tale.—Messrs. Key and Biddle have issued a new edition of a moral tale entitled *Influence*, which from the sound nature of the subject, we cheerfully recommend to all classes of readers. It is from the pen of the author of *Miriam*, a work which gained much popularity from the decidedly religious principles therein developed. *Influence* is no less moral in its tendency, and the young will find in the history of *Ellen*, much that may instruct them how to avoid the dangerous effects of early impressions, which seem attractive because clothed in the garb of seductive pleasure.

The author is as happy in detail as in the selection of a subject, and has combined much that may amuse, with more that may be of moral benefit.

Six months in a Convent.—This work, from which we have given extracts in our two last papers, has at length reached this city, and may be obtained of Messrs. Marshall & Co. in Chesnut street. We have not space for further extracts this week, but may, perhaps, refer to the volume again. The book gives a plain narrative of the circumstances under which Miss Reed was induced to enter the Convent—of the sufferings and privations she endured, and the conduct of the Superior and Bishop, and of her escape after a residence of nearly six months. She appears to have imbibed a very unfavorable opinion of the government of the Convent, while within its walls, but is nevertheless decorous and calm in her language. An introduction, by the committee of publication, is prefixed, which furnishes some details of the late outrage in Charlestown, during which the Convent was destroyed.

Practical Education.—We have received from the Harpers, through the politeness of Mr. H. Perkins of this city, an interesting volume, bearing the title of *Practical Education*, the joint production of Miss Maria Edgeworth and Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth. The merits of the lady as a writer, and her facility in sketching amusing and instructive scenes in domestic and juvenile life, are well known and appreciated, and the present volume will therefore prove a very acceptable present to the reading community. It contains a vast fund of entertaining matter, and inculcates views in relation to the education of children, who cannot be controverted or denied, and which are calculated to make a happy impression on the minds of all parents. Miss Edgeworth style is pure and chaste, and she possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of presenting every subject she handles in an interesting dress, and of inducing an excellent moral from every incident that arrests her attention.

TEXAS.

Public attention has recently been directed to Texas, as a country offering strong inducements to emigrants from the eastern and northern populous states. The observations of travellers, as published in the newspapers, and the flaming advertisements of companies owning land under the Mexican government, have excited no little curiosity, and perhaps changed the direction of many emigrants who were disposed to settle in Illinois or Michigan. Desirous of obtaining more certain information in relation to this subject, we have lately perused, with much interest, the journal of a traveller on a visit to Texas, recently published in New York. The work is from an anonymous source, but there is an appearance of candour about the author's observations, that leads us to give entire credence to his statements.

The author left New Orleans for Texas, in March 1831, his principal object being to examine the condition of a large tract of land he had purchased of the "Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company," and to ascertain its value to settlers from the United States. He reached the Brazos river in a few days, and thence proceeded on his tour through the country. He is very eloquent in his description of the general appearance of the land, which is represented as one immense prairie, of surpassing loveliness.

I was very much struck with the uniformity of the surface in the Prairie; which I had often heard of so particularly, but never observed before. I had now run a mile or more over it, without meeting a single irregularity or obstacle, a stone, a pebble, a bush, or even a shrub. Scarcely a blade of grass seemed to rise above the ordinary height, which, as I have before remarked, was about six inches. And thus this extensive plain, neglected by man, and tended only by the hand of nature, presented a surface as level as the most carefully rolled garden-walk, and was covered with a coat of green as uniform as a smooth shaved lawn, or a vast sheet of velvet. And this scene was not confined to a small vale or meadow, or bounded by a range of neighbouring hills: but stretched off to a vast distance on almost every side, on the one hand seeming to melt into the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other to meet the horizon. There was nothing elevated, or rough, or wild, to contrast with the flat surface of green; and after a few moments scent in contemplating the plain, finding it varied only by the distant groves which were seen towards the north, the mind feels a kind of surprise at finding that the senses are almost useless where there is so little to give them exercise. Such were some of my feelings at the first sight of a Prairie.

These regions, which present no obstacle to the traveller in any direction, except where they are crossed by streams, and whose soil is generally rich, and often of almost incalculable fertility, present superior attractions to colonists. No forests are to be cleared away; and yet, in many places, there is sufficient wood for the limited necessities created by the climate. How many artisans does this splendid country appear at first sight to offer to a settler from our cold and Northern States! No rocky and barren ledges to *hew* waste forever, no steep acclivities to be idled or to be climbed over; no provision to be made for the housing of cattle; no raising, cutting, curing, removing, stowing or feeding out of winter fodder; not even the construction of hay stacks; much less the erection of barns or stables for crops and stock. How difficult it is for a northerner to bear in mind the reality, that all these great features of soil, climate and rural life in his own country are here to be dispensed with! He naturally inquires, "What then can remain for the industrious man to do?" The whole business of raising cattle is of course reduced, as it was in the land of Canaan, to the simple operation of letting them take care of themselves, eat, drink and fatten on the rich pastures and under the genial climate, until the owner chooses to claim tribute of their flesh, hide and horns. Tillage is also reduced almost to its simplest form: for cotton is picked as soon as ripened, and immediately transported to market; and as to the grain necessary for the colonist's use, although the scarcity of mills is at present a great inconvenience, the planting is often effected without preparing the ground, and the rearing always without hoeing. Vegetables are generally and more easily procured, and that in superabundance: for after having been once sowed, many kinds of useful kitchen plants and roots propagate themselves. This is the case with pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and several other vegetables; and some of them have been found greatly to improve in quality from year to year, even when thus entirely left to the care of nature. It is remarkable of the common North American or Irish potatoe, that when cultivated here it becomes sweet, like the Southern or Carolina potatoe.

Cattle are found in great abundance in Texas, and they thrive on the rich and luxuriant soil, without causing the least trouble or expense to their owners. Horses are also plenty, but they are mischievous animals, and that which the author purchased for a few dollars, and rode during his journey, caused him immense trouble. These animals are caught, while running wild, by means of a lasso, or noose thrown over their head, which brings them to the ground. They are exceedingly hard to tame, and will break loose and run away whenever occasion offers. *One* traveller stopped at the house of Mr. McNiel, on the river San Bernard, and thus speaks of the place:

I spend some time contemplating this charming picture, which, as I before remarked, is entirely overlooked from the door of our hospitable friend; and what greatly added to its interest, was a vast number of cattle feeding in all parts of the wide domain. How different a sight was here presented, from any of the rural scenes with which my eyes had ever before been familiar! How different was all the system of the farmer from that prevailing in those regions of my own country which I had lately visited! I was one moment struck with surprise at the vast extent of land under the care of a single proprietor, and the few human hands required to perform the necessary labor; and the next I was filled with admiration at the various advantages afforded by a mild and benignant climate, a soil of extreme fertility, and a surface best appropriate to its use, when subjected to a system of culture to which it was best adapted. The cotton field and garden, with their two hundred acres, lay on the one hand, effectually secured against all encroachment with the most substantial fence I had ever seen, which stretched off a mile on one line; and around and beyond it lay the almost boundless Prairie, variegated with its numerous stands, spotted with a scattered herd of six hundred cattle, all belonging to our host. The breed is larger than those common in the north, with longer and straiter limbs, broader horns and smoother coats. They all appeared well fed, active and vigorous, and spend their lives through winter and summer, in the open air. The only attention bestowed upon them, is merely to mark them when young in such a manner that if they stray they may be distinguished from the cattle of any other proprietor. Of course no housing is necessary in such a climate, and no provision of food for them is to be made, in a country where there is perpetual green. They feed during the winter in the bottoms, and as yet do not require salt, for some reason unaccountable to me. One might expect that cattle left thus to herd together in such immense droves, without the care or control of man during their lives, would contract habits of timidity or of fierceness; but I was assured that they are in one respect more manageable than the tame cattle I have seen: for a horseman can always readily separate such as he chooses from a herd, by riding after them one at a time, though this is a task of great difficulty with our northern cattle, even where they have roads and fences to restrain them.

The oxen of the country are easily trained to the yoke, and may be purchased very low. Horses are seldom harnessed. American farmers emigrating to Texas, are recommended to take a wagon with them, and a set of farming utensils, such as they would use at home. "It will then," says the author, "be settler is provided with the most necessary articles of furniture, and provisions enough to live on until he has time to get his subsistance from the soil and hunting, when he has built a log house, he may consider himself as having made a fair beginning in life; and with health, industry and economy can hardly fail of success."

Sugar and cotton are the chief products of the soil now under cultivation, but the land will produce grain, potatoes and vegetables of all kinds. The growth of vegetation is remarkably rapid, on account of the richness of the soil, and the mild temperature of the climate. In these respects it is probable Texas is not exceeded by any country in the known world, and our author speaks of it as if it were a paradise. Game and fish are also plenty. During the summer of 1831, on the hottest day, the thermometer rose to 97½ deg. The usual range at mid-day was about 85.

Sugar and cotton flourish on proper soil. Judge Williams, who has an estate on Trinity river, some miles up, the previous year raised cane enough to make forty hogsheads of sugar of fine quality. The ribbond cane requires to be planted every three years. The creole cane will continue to grow from the roots for ten or fifteen, and is but little inferior to it.

Wild fowl are abundant here about at this season: particularly geese and brandt, which form vast flocks, whose noise may be heard several miles. There are also ducks, pelicans, snipes, cranes, eagles, hawks, buzzards, owls, wild turkeys, and many smaller birds. Deer are numerous in the Prairies, and sometimes appear in large herds: "but something else than a city businessman," as one of the agents remarked, "is necessary to kill them." One is sometimes obliged to approach them through the grass for a mile, stooping almost to the ground and proceeding with the utmost caution. The turkeys chiefly resort to the woods, where also are found wolves, bears, panthers, wild cats, wild hogs, foxes, racksons, and squirrels. Wild cats and panthers are rather scarce, and never attack men unless very hungry or hard pressed at bay. The wild hog is very fierce, and, it is said, will generally attack a man even unprovoked.

The fish are various and numerous. Among them are several kinds which we never see at the north. The red fish is excellent, and quite large: weighing from ten to fifty pounds. Besides these are the buffalo fish, cat fish, drum fish, perch, oysters, crabs, &c. Alligators are unfortunately numerous in the bay and neighboring streams, and are found of various sizes. There is also the alligator gar: a singular animal: in form half fish and half alligator.

Large prizes is sometimes hunted in the night, in a manner common in the south western states, by what is called "shining," or "shining the eyes." The huntsman carries a lighted torch on his head, or sometimes a quantity of burning combustibles in a frying pan behind him, resting the handle on his shoulder, and has a rifle ready in his hand. Animals are attracted by a bright fire in the dark, and their eyes reflect the light so strongly, that they are perceptible, like sparks or coals, from a considerable distance. The position of the light prevents the huntsman from being distinctly seen, though at the same time it does not dazzle his own sight; and while the deer, bear, or other game stands gazing with wonder, he has an opportunity to take deliberate aim. This practice however is not unattended with danger: as it is impossible under such circumstances, to discriminate with certainty between the eyes of wild beasts and those of domestic animals; and in some parts of our own country, as in Kentucky for instance, wherever there are many settlements, hunting in this manner is forbidden by law.

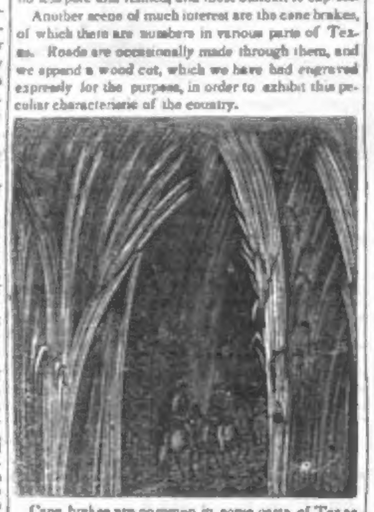
Somewhat to the injury of this fair picture, it is, however, proper to remark, that flies and musquitoes are very numerous and troublesome. The former are a source of much annoyance to the horses while travelling, and our author was more than once obliged to lay by, during mid-day, to save his mustang from severe suffering. Many alligators are found in the rivers, and they appear to grow to a formidable size, as mention is made of one that measured sixteen feet in length.

The beauty of a Texas Prairie, at certain seasons of the year, is represented as being indescribable. Wild flowers are spread over the ground in the utmost profusion and wonderful variety. Among the most conspicuous is a species about six inches in diameter, presenting concentric zones of the brightest yellow, red and blue, in striking contrasts. "In more than one instance these fields of flowers were not only so gay and luxuriant as to seem like a vast garden richly stocked with the finest plants and abandoned to a congenial soil, but extensive almost beyond limitation; for it was sometimes difficult to discover whether they stopped short of the horizon."

I had never been at all prepared for the indescribable beauty of a Texas Prairie at this season of the year, which I now could not avoid admiring, even under such unpleasant circumstances. The wild flowers had greatly multiplied, so that they were often spread around us in the utmost profusion, and in wonderful variety. Some of those which are most cultivated in our northern gardens were here in full bloom and perfection, intermingled with many which I had never before seen, of different forms and colors. I should despair of giving my reader any adequate idea of the scenes which were thus so richly adorned, and through which we often passed for acres in extent, breaking for ourselves the only path perceptible on the whole Prairie. Among the flowers were the largest and the most delicate I had ever seen, with others the most gaudy. In more than one instance these fields of flowers were not only so gay and luxuriant as to seem like a vast garden richly stocked with the finest plants and abandoned to a congenial soil, but extensive almost beyond limitation: for it was sometimes difficult to discover whether they stopped short of the horizon. It was singular also that patches were here and there overspread by mimosas, which, as our horses passed through them, drew up their leaves and dropped their branches whenever they were brushed by their feet, thus making a withered trace on the surface, which was but gradually obliterated as these timid plants regained their courage, raised their stems again and expanded their withered leaves. The plants whose sensitiveness had thus been overcome, were rendered distinguishable to the eye from others, by the exposure they made of the lower side of their leaves when they folded them up: that side being of a much lighter hue than the upper. There was a phenomenon connected with this striking appearance, which I was at the time unable to account for, and could hardly credit. That was, the shrinking of the delicate plants a little in advance of us before we had quite reached them. A friend who had witnessed the same thing, accounted for it by supposing that they received a shock through the long horizontal roots which connect them together.

One of the first flowers which appears to deck the Prairie in the spring, is the Prairie rose, which in blossom and fragrance resemble some of our rich red roses, though the shrub is quite different. As for others, I know not what a botanist might make of them: but I am certain that many of them would be exceedingly admired in our own country, as rich and new; and as the scenes over which they were spread, it is impossible to describe or to imagine their beauty and attraction. After looking on the rich and ever varying display, I felt a high degree of pleasure and admiration, so that I thought I could almost give my mustang his liberty, throw myself on the ground and spend the whole season among them. Occasionally too a light breath of wind would rise, and blow the mingled perfumes into my face, giving an enjoyment no less pure and refined, and most difficult to express.

Another scene of much interest are the cane brakes, of which there are numbers in various parts of Texas. Roads are occasionally made through them, and we append a wood cut, which we have had engraved expressly for the purpose, in order to exhibit this peculiar characteristic of the country.



Cane brakes are common in some parts of Texas. They are tracts of land low and often marshy, overgrown with the long reeds which we know in the Northern States as fishing rods. They are sometimes found as underbrush in woods and forests, and sometimes are not intermingled with trees, but from one thick growth, impenetrable when the cane is dry and hard. Our way led us the next day through one of the latter description; and such a sight I never before witnessed. The frequent passage of men and horses keeps open a narrow path, not wide enough for two mustangs to pass with convenience. The reeds grow to the height of about twenty feet, and are so slender, that having no support directly over the path, they droop a little inward, and so meet and intermingle their tops, forming a complete covering overhead. We rode thus about a quarter of a mile, along a singular avenue, arched overhead, and with the view of the sky shut out. The sight of a large tract, covered with so rank a growth of an annual plant, which rises to such a height, decays and is renewed every twelvemonth affords a striking impression of the fertility of the soil.

Cane breaks often occur of great extent. Those of a league, indeed of several leagues, are not uncommon. The largest is that which lines the banks of Caney Creek, and is seventy miles in length, with scarcely a tree to be seen in the whole distance. The reeds are eaten by cattle and horses in the winter, and afford a valuable and inexhaustible resource of food in that season when the Prairies yield little or none. At that time they are young and tender. When dry they are generally burnt, to clear the ground.

Slavery is not tolerated by the Mexican government, and the slaves who have been taken to Texas from the United States, have been introduced as indented apprentices for a term of ninety-nine years, a subterfuge to evade the law. The climate of Texas is represented as being healthy. Agues and bilious fevers are common at certain seasons, in some sections, but disease does not appear to assume as violent a form as it does in this country. Physicians are scarce, and the work before us makes mention of a doctor who, for a single visit, received a cow for his fee.

A considerable portion of the population of Texas, at the date of our author's visit, were refugees from the United States, many of whom had fled to evade the punishment of high crimes. The Mexican laws provide for the enlistment in the army of convicted criminals, and the officers are glad to receive all who apply, no matter how degraded their character. Of the society at San Felipe, the writer says:—

At the inn I found twenty or thirty men who had come from different quarters in pursuit of places to settle. These persons, commonly called land-hunters, were almost all from the United States, and generally from the South Western States. I saw one, however, who had come from Ohio, and was inquiring for a tract on which he might undertake with advantage the raising of sheep. Among these strangers I found a number of very intelligent men: but I learn that a portion of them had fled from justice, or as they chose to call it, from law, in their own country. It is a well known fact, that a considerable proportion of our countrymen who are found in Texas, are of this character. I saw at the breakfast table one morning, among those who were seated with me, four murderers who had sought safety in this country; and a gentleman assured me, that on one occasion, he had sat down with eleven.

But it is time that we should bring this article to a close. Our author was disappointed in one essential particular, and that was in relation to the title of the 20,000 acres of land which he had purchased in New York from the Galveston Company. He ascertained, much to his chagrin, that the scrip he had purchased was not worth a cent.—that he could not take possession of his land—that the company, notwithstanding their "flaming advertisements" had no right to sell land, and that there were restrictions in the laws of Mexico, in relation to foreigners, of which he had received no intimation from the company. The most important of these restrictions is that which requires every citizen and stranger out of Mexico to profess the Roman Catholic religion. He says:—

On an examination of the subject, with the facts now before me, I found such was the situation of things, that I derived no advantage whatever from the payment of money I had made, having not a foot of land, nor any claim to offer superior to that of any other man who might come into Texas from a foreign country. I might easily obtain a quarter of a league of unappropriated land, on condition of proving that the Roman Catholic religion, becoming a citizen of the Republic of Mexico, and residing on the soil for six years, receiving the title from the government; but not otherwise; and this was a standing offer to any person who might choose to accept of it. In case of marriage, either before or after the contract, the amount was to be quadrupled. The government had never conferred on any individual or company the title to any extensive tract of land, or authority to stipulate for any thing beyond, or contrary to these conditions.

In confirmation of these assertions in relation to the necessity of professing the religion of the Roman Catholics, our author, in a subsequent part of the volume, says:

I did not make up my mind that the Company had acted on any concerted plan to injure the agents or the emigrants. That would have required evidence which I could not obtain in those circumstances. But I heard and saw enough to become persuaded, that the results of the operations had been disastrous and were likely to be more so: while on the one hand they appeared to have acted with little knowledge of what they had been supposed to be well informed of, and on the other, by their silence, avowed unaccountable indifference to the expedition and all connected with it.

What was calculated to add, if any thing could well add, to the mortification of such circumstances, to those who were Protestants, was the knowledge which they did not obtain until their arrival, that they could not settle in the country, without avowing themselves Roman Catholics. It has been said that the Mexican government will protect our citizens in life and property as long as they conform to the laws, as if this would avoid the necessity of changing their religious profession. But this has nothing to do with the case. The treaty, in the article sometimes quoted, alludes only to our citizens residing in Mexico, not to colonists, who must become Mexican citizens; and whose submission to the laws relating to colonization implies the profession of the Roman Catholic religion. Whatever laxity may occur in executing the laws at any period, they may be at any time put in force; and what I afterwards saw at San Felipe proves how the subject is viewed by persons on the ground. If known as Protestants, they might at any time be deprived of their estates by the execution of laws still unrepealed.

One day during my stay at San Felipe, I witnessed a ceremony which would have been regarded as a very extraordinary thing in our own country. A Roman Catholic priest had arrived there, on a tour of visitation through the colony, and offered to perform baptismal and marriage ceremonies for all who might wish to receive them. Having been invited where he was to receive applications and administer, at a particular house in the village, I attended with two or three friends, to see what would be done. Several settlers from the United States, whom I knew had no inclination in favor of Roman Catholicism, and though they had received a Protestant education, presented themselves for baptism. There, as I had reason to believe, acted merely on a wish to recommend themselves to the favor of the government. Several afterwards came with their wives, and were married again, lest the legality of the Protestant ceremony should not be acknowledged, and stood as a bar between their descendants and their estates.

The priest stated that he had married about five and twenty in one evening in some place in the country, where many colonists had assembled on timely notice being given of his visit. He was a jolly looking old man, with very little of that sedate venerable or even intelligent aspect which we associate with an aged minister in our country.

These extracts, we presume, will be sufficient to give our readers a tolerably correct idea of the contents of the volume. Texas is, undoubtedly, one of the most luxuriant countries in the known world, and promises to the emigrant who will submit to the required laws, a rich harvest for his labour. It will be seen, however, that the validity of the purchases of land made by any company here, is totally denied, and that those who have emigrated on the strength of such purchases, have suffered bitter disappointment. It is alleged that since our author's visit to Texas, the laws in relation to foreigners have been modified, but of this there is some doubt. It is evident that no title to land can be clear, unless obtained from and certified by, an accredited and authorised agent of the Mexican government, and those who design to purchase, will do well to bear this fact in mind.

From the New York Times.

THE EFFECT OF THE THING.

A gentleman from the far west, formerly an officer, and a gallant one, in our army, who has lived much in the world, and sees as much of theatres as most people, sat one night in the Pit at the Park, beside our friend, the editor of the Star, when Knowles was playing St. Pierre in his own noble play the Wife. At the scene when the false Duke's villainy has been fully exposed, and St. Pierre has wired the dagger from him, and grasping his throat bids him sign the confession, our officer's interest in the affair had become so engrossing and unendurable, that he sprang on his feet shouting "give it to him!"—give him the knife, d—n him! if I were there I'd do it myself!—*Give it* to him!" The Major grasped his arm and pressed him down, begging that he would compose himself, and reminding him that "it was only a play." The captain recalled to himself, pressed his hand to his forehead, and muttering to himself "true, true!" left the house.

If Knowles has ever heard of the occurrence, he must have felt gratified. Few of our greatest actors have ever produced such an effect on intelligent auditors.

The editorial war in Louisville increases in interest. The following is the latest bulletin:—

"We thank the Journals for its simile, and will try to help it to another. The editorial functions of that paper are performed by a Janus, with one face turned towards the first vacant clerkship or judicial chair, and the other in the direction of Walker's coffee house.—We are informed that the following *unique* dialogue recently took place between these *opposite mouths*: 'I met with something first rate, just now.' 'News from Frankfort?' 'Oh, no! *something to take*.' 'I should have no objection to *take* the judgeship of this circuit, or even the clerkship of the new county.—' You entirely misunderstand, it is the *real stuff* I am talking about.' 'I should like to know what the *real stuff* is, if it is not the salary attached to a good fat office.' 'Why, it is either a bottle or two of Champaigne, Madeira, a glass of old peach and honey, or something else.' 'How can you be always thinking of such matters?' 'My cogitations are more sensible than your's; I only think of what I can easily obtain—your thoughts are fixed on things beyond your reach.'"—*Advertiser.*

An Indian Encampment in Connecticut.—A party of Indians, fifteen in number, have been encamped at Windsor, during the whole winter, and the novelty of such a scene has of course excited a good deal of speculation in that quarter. They are part of the tribe of the Massiquoes, who live a wandering life on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and are on a journey to Hanover, N. H. for the purpose of entering a member of the family in Dartmouth College, but being overtaken by winter, they pitched their tents on the bank of the Connecticut some time in November, and have remained there ever since. The patriarch of the family is an old man aged 73, and the candidate for College honors is a youth 17 years old, bearing the euphonious and poetical name of *Say-an-oxph Sa lu-tem Alanum*. They have erected two wigwams in which they have lived through the severe cold of the winter, without suffering inconvenience from the cold and without any other means of support than is derived from the manufacture of Indian articles. They have lived, however, in the midst of a wealthy and hospitable people.

The London Newspapers.—In Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, is a particular account of the expenses attending a London Daily Newspaper, from which it appears, that the actual cost of a morning paper such as the Times, for example, is for 5000 copies no less than *fifteen thousand pounds sterling*, equal to upwards of $70,000. The income from the sale of the papers, after deducting the stamp duty, does not pay this amount, but leaves a deficiency of upwards of nine thousand pounds, equal to about $45,000, which is made up by advertisements, from which source, also, arises the profit of the proprietors, estimated in the case of the Times, at twenty-five thousand pounds, upon a capital invested of one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

It appears from this statement, that the principal editor of a London daily paper, receives a salary of a thousand guineas per annum, equal to upwards of $5000, and an assistant editor half that sum, and that the cost of the paper is 60 shillings per ream, equal to more than $14, owing to the excise.

Fatal Marriage.—A young lady at Nevers, universally admired and beloved, was married to a person who had been established in the town for some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day had passed in uninterrupted harmony, and the happy pair retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gaiety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand a fragment of the skirt of her husband, torn from the shoulder on which was displayed the brand which proved him to have been a convicted felon. It is said the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. A question has arisen whether Art. 232 of the Civil Code which declares that the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment, shall be a sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to that extraordinary case. The parents of the young lady have, it is said, applied to M. Philip Dupin and M Syrot, two eminent counsels of the Paris bar, for their opinions.

It is stated that the city of Lyons alone annually sends to the American market, manufactured silks to the amount of $12,000,000.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The citizens of Pottsville, anticipating a removal of the seat of Government from Harrisburg, held a meeting on the 17th instant, and passed resolutions offering, should their Borough be chosen as the future seat of Government, to erect buildings fully adequate to the accommodation of the Legislature and the public offices and equal in every respect, to those at Harrisburg.

We are happy to perceive that the Hudson River Company have received and extend shed their Fare at $2. They cannot afford to run their splendid Boats for less.—*Albany Eve Journal.*

The District Court.—We learn from Harrisburg, that Judge King has been appointed President Judge of the District Court, and Thomas M. Pettit, and George M. Stroud, Esqs have been appointed Associate Judges. Under the former organization Judge Barnes was the presiding Judge, and Messrs. Cox and Pettit were the Associates.

The Hon. Levi Woodbury of New Hamshire, has declined being a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Mr. Benton and Mr. Buchanan have already done the same.

Breach of Promise.—At the March session of the Circuit Court, and Oyer and Terminer of the county of Berkshire, N. Y., Lydia Foster recovered from J. English, for breach of marriage contract, $1,000. The defendant was proved to be worth $8,000.

Another Rogue Arrested.—Three vigilant officers, Merritt and Sparks, of New York, succeeded in arresting, on Saturday, a Hayden, named Francois Caline, who is charged with having counterfeited, in this country, the coin of his own. When arrested he had in his trunk 800 dollar pieces, 700 half dollar pieces, and 1400 quarters all counterfeit, a bag with 253 good Spanish dollars, a power press, six steel dies, milling machines, and all the apparatus necessary for coining.

Governor Dunlap of Maine, has appointed Thursday, the sixteenth day of April to be observed throughout that state as a Public Fast.

Catholic Missionaries.—It has been ascertained from the official records of the Custom houses, as we are informed, that upwards of six seventeen Roman Catholic Missionaries have arrived in the United States within the last twelve months!—What are the Protestant friends of Missions doing in comparison with this?

Dear Hay.—A Quebec paper states that hay, just this side of the line, in the State of Maine, is "twenty dollars a hundred."—This would be at the pretty considerable rate of 400 dollars a ton. If this be not a mistake in the print, we think it high time that Major Downing should quit politics and attend to the agricultural concerns of the State. Raising hay, at 400 dollars a ton, is better than dealing in lumber, when boards are only 5 dollars a thousand.

Elections.—The general election for State Officers and Members of Congress takes place in Connecticut on Monday, April 6th, and in Rhode Island the 15th. These elections are very important to those States, and we perceive by the papers that the electioneering contest is carried on with much acrimony.

Port of New York.—Major Noah gives the following brief abstract of the New York ship news for Monday:

"No arrival of importance excepting the fishing smack Polly Watts, Commodore Symington, with three shad for Fulton market."

A planter on Bayou Sarah, La. purchased a cow from the neighborhood of Cincinnati, which gave at each milking, three days, in succession, *seven gallons and one pint of milk!*

Our city, says the New York Journal of Commerce, is becoming crowded with strangers, chiefly merchants, who are here for the purpose of buying goods. The steamboats arrive full in the brim, and the hotels are many of them overflowing.

It is stated in the Western papers that a gentleman near Natchez has liberated his slaves, about 20 in number, and given them from $200 to $400 each as an outfit to Liberia.

The directors of the State Bank of North Carolina have declared another dividend of eight dollars per cent on their capital stock, and ask for a return of all their notes preparatory to winding up the affairs of the institution.

A select committee of the Assembly of Upper Canada, of which Peter Perry appears to be Chairman, recommend the passing of an act for taxing American produce, and American cattle.

The Citizens' Bank of New Orleans has effected a loan of nine millions of dollars in Holland, for the purpose of the banking operations.

Flattering.—John Galt says that no species of literature affords so wide a scope for arrogance, or calls for less knowledge than the editorship of a newspaper.

The fair and gifted Fanny Kemble, considers the term "newspaper editor," synonymous with "*hog*."

Dr. Morrison, in his journey with Lord Amherst into the interior of China, discovered in the apartment of a Chinese an European picture of our Saviour, crowned with thorns, holding a reed, &c., to which the owner of the apartment (not a Christian) paid adoration, and regarded with great veneration.

The winter has been excessively cold in Europe and precisely at the same period we suffered so much in the United States. At Naples, a most rare occurrence, there was ice on Christmas, and the mountains were covered with snow—the ice king battling with the eternal fires of Vesuvius.

Madame Malibran is not dead, as was reported. She is now a resident at Brussels.

Fields of ice, by the Cleveland Whig of March 20, we perceive, still obstruct the navigation between Detroit and Cleveland.

A Monstrous Long Tail.—By an almanac of the Bureau of Longitude for 1835, we learn that Halley's famous comet of 1835, will make its appearance about the middle of October next, with an enormous tail of eight millions of miles in length!

Waltzing.—At a ball lately in Richmond, Va. a belle asked a country rustic, who stood nigh her, in a compact ring of four or five deep, going on a pair waltzing, "Pray sir, how do you like the waltz?" "Madam," (said the quaint gentleman,) "I like the *haggin part very well: but I don't like the whirlin round.—When it comes to haggin, I would like to stand still!*"

Awfully Sudden Deaths.—A few days ago as Mr. Job Aspinwall, of Hove Edge, near Halifax, innkeeper, was passing through a field, along with two other persons, he met a friend with whom he shook hands, immediately after which, both he and his friend fell, and both instantly expired.—*York Courant.*

New Banks, Prohibition of Small Bills, Specie Currency, &c.—The Legislature of Maine are creating new banks by the batch. The Portland Advertiser of the 20th says, "a whole shoal went through the House on the 17th;" while at the same time they have passed a bill prohibiting the circulation of all notes under five dollars.

The Long Session.—Mr. Holmes, of Maine, is sometimes considerably strong as well as metaphorical in his parliamentary language. He is a member of the Legislature of that state, and lately asked leave of absence from that body. He had intended, he said, to stay the session out, but it *smelt so strong of eternity* that he could not wait *to see the end of it.*

Early Modesty.—Moreau relates, that he had read the legend of a Polish Saint, which was circulated in Dublin, and found recorded among the indisputable proofs of his vocation, that he infallibly swooned if an indecent expression was uttered in his presence—*when in his nurse's arms.*

Capital Punishment in Maine.—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that the House has closed its action on the bill to abolish capital punishment, by referring it to the next Legislature. The Advertiser says a majority of the House undoubtedly were for the bill, but it was *referred*, that it might be carried before the people during the recess, and so adjourned by them, that it may be acted on in future with more unanimity and success.

Turning.—Mr. Amos Morse, of Rahway, has *turned* all the ardent spirits of his distillery out of doors; he has *turned* his still house into a *turning* shop, he has *turned* his distillers adrift; and will henceforth *turn* his attention to a different line of business. We trust his example will have a powerful influence in *turning* others from the errors of their ways.

A new improvement is said to have been made in steel pens. This is greatly desirable, particularly where a poor author is too poor to buy other than reform paper.

Tea, we learn by Tait's Magazine, was so passionately addicted to opium eating, that he, on one occasion authorized an individual forcibly to prevent him from entering the shops of druggists.

Something New.—An ingenious fellow near Erfurth has, it is stated, invented a musket without touch-hole or tunnel, the construction of which is so much approved that it is likely to be adopted by the Prussian army.

We learn from the Washington Sun, of Saturday, that Charles Pinckney, Esq. the junior editor of that paper, departed this life, on Thursday evening last, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. "Mr. Pinckney was the son of the late Hon. William Pinckney, of Maryland, and inherited the enlarged views and chivalrous spirit of his father. He possessed a mind ennobled by every virtue that adorns the man, and his cultivated talents have shed a lustre on the diplomatic character of our country, by his intense labor for her abroad. As a husband he was kind and affectionate; as a friend, sincere, ardent and faithful; as a citizen, high minded, liberal, and sensitive, for his country's glory.

Bender's Patent Horse Shoes.—We became accidentally in possession of a horse shoe manufactured at the Troy Iron and Nail Factory, by a machine lately invented by Mr. Burden, which, in addition to the rich reward the inventor cannot fail to realise, is conferring a l

Philadelphia Prices Current.

For the Saturday Evening Post, by Rodd. T. Rock-hill, publisher of the Reporter, Chronicler Detector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1835.

...	...	3 28	3 50	...	...
...	...	6 62	7 50	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	105
...	...	...	...	...	11
...	...	...	...	...	11
...	...	...	...	...	12½
...	...	...	...	...	13
...	...	...	...	...	13
...	...	...	...	...	13

Variety's the spice of Life.
That gives it all its flavour.

THE BELLE'S SOLILOQUY.

It rains! it rains! I wish I had
A million slaves, or more!
I do declare, it is too bad,
To see the rain-drops pour.
My slaves! O! they should catch, somehow,
Each drop before it fell;
At my command they'd humbly bow,
And never dare rebel.

It blows! it blows! and pa has said
That I have got a cold:
I, sha'n't be there to-night, and Fred,
Poor Fred! won't me behold.
And then there's Wa-kins, and Fitz James,
There's Gilbert Bruce, the dear!
There's whispered Hunt, and princely Haynes,
Will think 'is very queer.

It hails! it hails! and Sarah Prime
Will certainly be there!
And when she's trying, all the time,
My conquests, proud, to share!
My conquests! ah! I need not ask
More slaves, to do my will,
To count them up would be a task—
I hope I shall go still.

Young M., a poetical, romantic, gin-drinking youth, has been labouring under "a slight mistake," in paying his devoirs to a second-rate Psyche in the vicinity of the Bowling Green, and playing a thousand antics beneath the parlor windows. The unfortunate wight has at last discovered that she lived at the back of the house. Corinthian Tom has favoured us with the subjoined lines on this dire mishap:—

M—— fell in love with a maid
Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighbourhood;
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his stanzas so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house—
She slept in the little back kitchen.

Effete Wag.—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself?" replied the other in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

Irish Logic.—"That's a fine stream for trouts, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance, the other day, to a genuine sprig from the Emerald Isle, who was whipping away with great vigour at a well-known and favourite pool. "Faith, and it must be that same, sure-enough," returned Pat, "for deuce a one of 'em 'll stir out of it!"

How to Cure a Cough.—"Well, Mrs. Lanagan, did you put the blaster on your chest, as you promised, and did it rise?" "Why, then, mistress dear, the niver a chest I had to put it on, but sure I have a little bit of a box, and I put it on that, but sorra a rise it rose; and if you don't believe me come and see, for its sticking there still I'm thinking.

Food for Reflection.—A clergyman in an inland county lately concluded his sermon with the following words:—"Brethren, next Friday is my tithe day, and those who bring their tithes, which are due to me, shall be rewarded with a good dinner, but those who do not, may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter."

The Pope.—An English ambassador on his return from Rome, was asked by Queen Caroline, wife of George II., why he had not attempted to convert the Pope; and his answer was just as it ought to be: "Because, may it please your Majesty, *I had nothing better to offer his Holiness* than that which he now possesses."

Doctors' Commons.—A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if these were all *bibles!* "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "they are *testaments*."

Wooden Books.—A singular library exists at Warmenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, being made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together the whole forms a box; and inside of it are stored the fruit, the seed, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.—*Mirror.*

The Alphabets To Madame Vestris

Though not with lace bedizened o'er,
From James's and from Howell's,
Ah, don't despise us twenty-four
Poor consonants and vowels.

Though critics may your powers discuss,
Your charms supplanting men see;
Remember you from four of us
Derive your X L N C.

Vestris's Answer to the Alphabet.

Dear friend, although no more a dance
Than many of my betters,
I'm puzzled to reply at once
To four-and-twenty letters.

Perhaps you'll think that may not be
So hard a thing to do—
For what is difficult to me,
Is A B C to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,
Nor fancy you have lost me,
Though many, many bitter tears
Our first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,
Whatever ills befall you,
My oldest literary friends
I never can forget you.

Quite Satisfactory.—During the recent cold weather the following conlab took place between two gentlemen of color.

Cudjo.—Wal, Pomp, wat's de temperature da wedder dis mornin?

Pomp.—Cold, terrible cold, Cudjo.

Cudjo.—How's de termomblster?

Pomp.—Quite above *Samba*, Cudjo.

Cudjo.—Reen, did you say?

Pompo.—Tree degrees at least.

Cudjo.—My gosh! and March too. Never heard de like for since de memory o'man, to say nothin of de fair sex. Wen will de cold wedder cease, do you tink, Pomp?

Pomp.—I can't say certain; but I tink wen it come to an end.

Cudjo.—Wen will dat be, most proverbly?

Pomp.—I don't know no more'n you, Cudjo; but I tink, it get trumpt.

Cudjo.—Wal, wen will dat most likely take place?

Pomp.—For de matter of dat, I can't say positive—but I tink, 'twixt me and you Cudgo—I don't wish it to go no harder—I say, I have trong suspicion, 'twixt me and you, Cudge, dat wen dis drefful cold wedder be finely done and finish, den you see de cend on't.

Cudjo.—'Bliged to ye, Pomp—very much 'bliged to ye. Quite satisfactory dat. I tink I'll not got no more coal now.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Not at Home.—"Is Mr. Bluster within?" "No, he is out of town," remarked the servant. "When can I see him?" "I don't know: have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?" "Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to settle." "Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not." "But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately." "Oh! you wish to pay him some money? he is up stairs, I'm thinking; I will call him! Please to walk into the drawing room; take a chair, sir; your hat, if you please; Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment!"

Malice Overthrew.—The owner of a saw-mill in the country, having a bitter enmity against a neighboring farmer, laid no less a plan of revenge than to get him arraigned as a thief, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. But as the honesty of his neighbor afforded him no fair grounds of accusation, he resorted to the foul expedient of secretly conveying some of his own property upon the other's premises; so that, being found there, it might be proof of his guilt. For this purpose he took a thousand of boards, having his own mark on, and at dead of night dumped them in a field near his neighbor's house. But the farmer did not happen to be as fast asleep as his enemy supposed. He heard a noise, or thought he heard one; and setting up pretty soon after to satisfy himself on the subject, by the help of a lantern, he found the load of boards, with his neighbor's mark thereon. How they came there and why they came there, flashed upon his mind at once. His course was promptly taken. Allowing his enemy just time to get fairly home and into bed, so that the light of the burning pile might not be detected, he set fire to the boards, which, being well seasoned, were in a few minutes entirely consumed.

Early in the morning, as the farmer had anticipated, the sawyer came, with a constable and a search warrant, to look for his property. "You are suspected," said the officer, "of having taken a thousand of boards from this man, and by virtue of this warrant I hold in my hand, I must search your premises."

"Very well," said the farmer, "you are at liberty to search as much as you please. But if you find the boards, I'll engage to eat them for my breakfast."

"You'll have something harder to digest than that, I fancy," said the lawyer, with a sneer. He then triumphantly led the way, to where he had dumped the boards, and where he confidently expected to find them, and lo, there was nothing but a heap of ashes! His disappointment, chagrin, and mortification may be judged of. He sneaked away home; and the secret of his foul plot getting wind in the neighborhood, the ghost, from the ashes of his load of boards, never ceased to annoy him; until, taking advantage of the darkness of another night, he packed up his all, and left the country.

APRIL.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluds:
His horne were golden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seemed in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight. *Spenser.*

This is the fourth month of the year. Its Latin name is *Aprilis*, from *aperio*, open or set forth. The Saxon called it, *Oster* or *Eastermonath*, in which month the feast of the Saxon goddess, *Eastre*, *Easter*, or *Easter* is said to have been celebrated. April, with us, is sometimes represented as a girl clothed in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds; holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiacal sign, Taurus, or the bull, into which constellation the sun enters during this month. The Romans consecrated the first of April to Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces; and the Roman widows and virgins assembled in the temple of Virile Fortune and virgins assembled in the temple of Virile Fortune and disclosing their personal deformities, prayed the goddess to conceal them from their husbands.

In this month the business of creation seems resumed. The vital spark rekindles in dormant existences; and all things "live, and move, and have their being." The earth puts on her livery to await the call of her lord: the air breathes gently on his cheek, and conducts to his ear the warblings of the birds, and the odours of new-born herbs and flowers; the great eye of the world "sees and shines" with bright and gladdening glances; the waters teem with life; man himself feels the revivifying and all-pervading influence; and his

—— spirit holds communion sweet
With the brighter spirits of the sky.

REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

"Our country owes a debt of gratitude:
I hope she'll pay it."

It is now about twenty years since I first met with Thornton in service; he was then a handsome young rifle officer, very much and deservedly esteemed. In 1812, when addition was made to the United States' army, young Thornton received promotion in the regiment of light artillery. In the spring of 1814, General Wilkinson was withdrawn, and Major General Izard placed in command of the division of the army. Head quarters were at Plattsburg, New York; the general hospital and a brigadier's command at Burlington; Vermont; the navy yard near Vergennes, at the mouth of Otto river, about 21 miles up the lake from Burlington. This place was open, and (except a small command posted there to guard the naval stores, &c.) unprotected. The armed vessels for the lake service were on the stocks, under the hands of ship carpenters. When the enemy's fleet appeared on the lake, our unarmed craft fled, like sheep from the wolf. We were unprepared to meet them on the lake; the enemy's fleet was seen from Burlington, standing up the lake; I think General Macomb then commanded at Burlington, and quickly penetrated the intentions and views of our enterprising foe. They expected to capture all our stores, and destroy our vessels building at Otto river, and thereby to cripple our movements and frustrate our designs, at least for one whole campaign. It is almost impossible to calculate the extent of injury our cause and country would have sustained.

It was about sun set when Captain Thornton was ordered to proceed from Burlington, with his company, to the navy yard, there to protect the stores and vessels at every hazard. Away drove this little band, with all the speed their horses could make with four pieces of light artillery. Fortunately the wind was light, and the enemy's vessels obliged to beat up the lake. Capt. Thornton arrived in the night; and by great exertions, when the morning dawned, had constructed a hasty battery, assisted in part with cord wood and some ship timbers—erected his furnace for heating shot—and masked his works with hemlock, pine, and other evergreen bushes—so as to conceal his preparations and his force from the enemy's view.

At day-light the enemy's fleet stood in for the navy yard. They hoped to make an easy prey of our naval stores: to burn our vessels, and then to sail, probably, the masters of Lake Champlain. Capt. Thornton viewed the approach of this superior force, and with his battle band behind their temporary defences, every man at his post, stood ready for action, prepared, with their gallant young Captain, to sacrifice life rather than yield up a matter of such immense importance to our country. The command was one of great responsibility, and Thornton felt it to his heart's core. When the enemy had neared to a proper point, Captain Thornton opened his little battery, and so well were his pieces served that in the first moment of surprise the enemy were brought to a halt and the British tars ordered to prepare for action; some confusion appeared, and some random shots were returned. But the enemy finding they were receiving hot shot from pieces so well served, and fearing the loss of some of their vessels, or perhaps the whole fleet, they moved beyond the reach of Thornton's light pieces, and then stood down the lake.

Life in Missouri.—The following amusing sketch of Western Life, is from Hall's "Tales of the Border."

"Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently located on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, Uncle Moses who had built his cabin hard by, went into the promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him *to town*. He soon found Major Obadiah ——, who had been lately appointed postmaster, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post office —an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to always be found in his office, and at the same time enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

"The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter: "whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these," said he, "just throw them in that pile; they are all dead letters and I intend to send them on to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes; for I can't afford to *tote* them any longer encumbering up the *office* for nothing."—Uncle Moses thought they were at *head* quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

"After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter *in the office* for Uncle Moses.

"'But stop,' said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse,' you are a trading character,—come, let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns. He had almost sold out and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so I have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles'—hauling them out of his coat pockets.

"Uncle Moses looked over them without ever cracking a smile, for it was a grave business.

"'Here, examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. all as good as new—no mistake—I'll take ten dollars in *coon skins* for the whole invoice, which is less than in coon *skins* for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, and *tote* them any longer.'

"'The Major's offer of a lot of *store goods*, for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen racoon skins for the whole. 'Take them,' said the Major—'it is too little, but if Wan does'nt like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.'

"'Now,' said the Postmaster, 'let us go down to the river where Hunt, and the *balance of the boys* are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last two days and as no body came to vote to-day, we all concluded to go fishing.'

"'But what election is it?'

"'Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution.'

"'I have heard of it, but had forgot it. I am entitled to a vote.'

"'Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the Judges. He has taken the poll books along with him; —come along, we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was in town. I hate formalities, and this three days' election—every one could as well do their voting in one.'

"Down they went to the river; the judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

In the following anecdote, Hogg tells a monstrous big story, with an honest simplicity, that makes one laugh:

"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the will o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or run doon deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he died, that I remember when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to tak' my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed he ance saked me, next day, what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderful' attentive among a rather sleepy congregation. Hector an' me gie ane anither sae a look! and I was afeared Mr. Paton would hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile—and he jealoused naething, though both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after lauching in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it nae langer, but wan obliged to loup awa' owre a hedge into a potatoe field, pretending to hae scented partridges."

A Climax.—The Lord Mayor having extolled the Duke of Wellington as a great statesman, wound all up by emphatically adding, he was a great friend to the city of London.

Marshall's Worm Syrup,
AND INFANT PRESERVATIVE.

IS recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the most safe and effectual worm destroying medicine ever discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms are indigestion with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard, full, and tense belly, with occasional griping and pains about the navel, heat and itching sensation about the rectum, the eyes heavy and dull, itchings of the nose, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth and starting during sleep, attended with a fever or fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief, destroying the worms and the mucous or slimy matter in which they are involved, and thereby preventing their reproduction.

The proprietor, with a full knowledge of all the different medicines in use for the destruction of worms, can confidently recommend this syrup as the most safe and effectual remedy at present known, being entirely free from that deleterious article, pink root, and other dangerous drugs which are sometimes used, one which give rise to vertigo, disease of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup besides being a safe and active vermifuge, is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and no child will refuse to take it; whereas all the worm medicines at present in use are so nauseous and disagreeable, that it is difficult to get some children to take them.

This medicine is also happily calculated for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children in their early infancy are most liable, such as bowel or summer complaints, diarrhœa or looseness, vomiting and purging. It is recommended with the as assurance, that much good may be derived from its use; while, from its simplicity and innocence, it cannot do any harm.

Prepared and sold at Marshall's drug and chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

To guard against spurious imitations, the written signatures of the proprietor will be placed on each bottle, without which none will be genuine. mar 7—so3m

Leather Bark Mills.

SELLING off, at No. 113 Chesnut street, the Stock and Fixtures of WM. PRICHETT, deceased, consisting of

3000 Sides Slaughter Sole Leather, city tanned, 1st quality.
3000 Calf do do do
2000 Sides Spanish, do. with an assortment of finished Upper, Skirting, Harness, Band and Waxed Boot Leather; Finished Kip, Calf and Seal Skins; Patna and Calcutta Kips in bolt.

1 Patent Machine for Splitting Leather.
1 Mill Stone for grinding Bark or Hides.
1000 feet superior Flooring Boards.

mar 21—tf

T. M. Hughes & J. P. Wilkinson,

COFFIN MAKERS and General Furnishing Undertakers, No. 123 North Tenth, above Race, corner of Sergeant street, feel very grateful to their friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement received since they commenced business, and hope, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. They have on hand a large assortment of ready made Coffins, of all sizes, and they will furnish ice and ice boxes, shrouds, shrouds, glass, crapes, scarfs—open or close Hearses and Carriages, equal to any in the city. They will also attend to getting Lots re-cut, and graves opened, if required. Their charges will be very moderate, and every thing in the line done to their satisfaction.

N. B.—Cabinet Makers will find it to their advantage to call on the Subscribers for any thing they may want in the above named business. mar 14—6m

E. Henley,

No. 31 South Second Street, Philadelphia,

HAS received an extensive assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of

Woman's and Misses' Leghorn Flats,
do. do. Straw Bonnets,
do. do. Fancy do.
Tuscan Braid by the Piece,
Paris Lace, Tuscan do.
Oriental and Florence Plait,
Straw Braid, and Straw Cord,
Straw Bands and Gauze,
Men's and Boys' Leghorn and Straw Hats.

ALSO,

Gauze Belt Ribbons,
do. Cap do.
Plain and Figured Satin Ribbons,
do. do. Tissue, do.
Figured and Plain Harrow Silks,
White and Coloured Florentine,
do. do. Gros de Naples
do. do. Satins,
White and Coloured Crapes,
Head Quillings and Engings,
Buckrams, Crown Linings, Piping Cord, Artificial Flowers,
Bonnet and Ribbon Wire, Crin and Willow,

With every variety of Millinery and Trimmings, which will be sold wholesale only, in lots to suit customers.

N. B.—Milliners from the country are invited to call as above, where they will find every article in their line, and at moderate prices. Also, the newest fashions and patterns. mar 16—6t

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city. No. 106 South Second street, 3 doors above the Custom-house, and 79 Chesnut street, New Orleans Hall.

DAVID LEVISE, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that for the accommodation of his numerous customers, he has opened another Fur Store, No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at the same low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Bear, Peletrine, Capes and Muffs, and parties about to Leave, as he has every advantage by selecting his Furs in Europe himself. dec 6—1y

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with much confidence recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article whose virtues will be found equally valuable. Mild, soothing and healing in effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, as allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the land or country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtained upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 361 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan. 30, 1836—eotf

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Unabes, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Coughs, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I experimented upon the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. At this time I was much reduced. The day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great hoarseness and a bad cough. I commenced taking the Balsam, and in the night of the 3d day, I raised no blood, and my cough was relieved. I persevered in the use of the Balsam, and in the course of three weeks, I was entirely restored, the cough cured, and I have not been troubled with any of the symptoms since. I am now able to resume my trade, (that of a rope-maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM. GODFREY.

Roxbury, Mass. Aug. 28, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged at his trade in active, but in laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.

Concord, N. H Jan. 30, 1832.

In October, 1826, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without relief. In the spring of 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others, but the disease steadily increased; the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my fever unabated, and my strength extremely reduced. In April, my case seemed quietly hopeless; I was told by my physicians that medicine could be of no further service to me, and it was not expected by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In the situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam (which she had heard highly recommended for similar complaints) and persuaded me to make trial of it. Its use was attended with the most favourable and happy result. It gave me immediate relief, and one bottle effected a cure. I have since been free from pain in my side and cough, except in the case of common colds.

Boston, March 1, 1832. SAMUEL EVERETT.

☞ *Particular Caution.*—Each genuine bottle is enclosed in a blue wrapper, on which in a yellow label signed SAMPSON REED, is a fac simile of the signature. The great celebrity of the genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among those spurious articles are the 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam,' &c. 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup,' &c. ☞ Purchasers should inquire for its true article by its whole name, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine.

For sale by the proprietor, at his Agency, No. 68 Market and Second streets; Edmund Pryor, corner of Green and Front streets; F. Brown, corner of 5th and Chesnut streets; I. W. Fitzwater, South Second street, opposite German; Reese & Smith, corner of 8th and Market; Samuel P. Griffith, 26 South Eighth street. oct 16—cow ly

Specific Ointment,

(The only True and Genuine of Dr. Wm. Judkins,) for the Cure of

WHITE swellings, sore legs, ulcers, glandular tumors, aches, rheumatic pains, sprains and scalds, bruises and burns, inflamations in women's breasts, glandular swellings, old and fresh wounds, tetters, whitlows, piles, ring-worms, eruptions of long standing, and sore eyes.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor,

JAMES S. GLASCOE,
Chemist and Druggist, and of
PETER LEHMAN,
220 Market street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been an article of this kind, bearing my name, that has been extensively sold in this city and elsewhere, which (I am sorry to say) is not well prepared nor fit for use, except at two or three places in this city—and after the date it will be prepared by JAMES S. GLASCOE, only; and I take pleasure in recommending that prepared by him as the genuine Dr. William Judkins Specific Ointment, as every box will be inspected by me before it is offered for sale. The public, therefore, are cautioned against purchasing any that has not the signature of James S. Glascoe, (written in his own hand writing) on the label pasted on each jar. WM. JUDKINS.

mar 22—3m

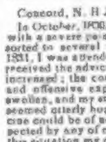
Wm. B. Miller,

HAS taken the established stand of the late Wm. Scott, No. 29 Bread street, Philadelphia, where he is prepared to carry on the Dying and Scouring Business in all its various branches. In Dressing and Scouring Woollen and other goods, he can assure those who may favour him with their patronage, full satisfaction. He solicits the attention of the wholesale and retail merchants to his new and improved method. His mode of dressing Merinoes, is unlike any other used in this city, and as warrants to give a finish equal to that of the best foreign manufactures.

☞ Mourning Dresses dyed at the shortest notice
Coats and Pantaloons sponged and dyed mar 28—6t*

Ornamental & Fruit Trees.

BARTRAM BOTANIC GARDEN.



THE subscriber has for sale at his Garden and Nursery, Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, a large assortment of Fruit Trees of suitable sizes for immediate planting, embracing every variety of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, Almonds, Mulberries, Quinces, Grapes, Raspberries, Gooseberries and Currants, together with a large assortment of Green House Plants, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines and Creepers, Honeysuckles, Roses, Carnations and Pinks, Herbaceous Perennial Flowering Plants, &c. &c., comprising as great an assortment as any other Garden in the U. States.

Orders, per mail, addressed to Bartram's office, No. 128 Walnut street, will meet prompt attention, and the articles will be delivered in Philadelphia, or forwarded to order, packed in such manner as to bear transportation in safety to any part of the United States. ROBERT CARR.

The usual annual sprng sale of Plants, including a large collection of the finest PRIZE DAHLIAS, will be held as soon as the weather will permit, of which due notice will be given in papers.

☞ 2000 PEACH TREES, of the finest sorts and large size. mar 21—tf

Superior Black Varnish,

FOR COAL GRATES.—Black and red, &c. for furniture, imperial tea and other tin use.

Furniture paste at 25 cents a box, that has given general satisfaction for 12 years past.—Bath Brick, Rotten stone, Pipe and Pottery Clay, Whiting, Paris White, French and American Yellow Ochre, Polishing Paste and Liquid for cleaning brass, Rubber Earth and Grease balls, British Lustre and Black Lead, mixed Paints and Varnishes. With a general assortment for family use and house cleaning.

For sale by
LEHMAN,
No. 220 Market street.

HOLMES'S
Celebrated Cough Mixture,

FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Spitting of Blood, Liver Complaints, Whooping Cough, Consumption, and all affections of the Breast and Lungs.

The highly useful medicine is prepared from the formula of a doctor called *Paysonis* of England, who, in the course of a very extensive practice, found it with the most unexampled success for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Affections of the Chest.

It will be found to possess in an eminent degree, the power of allaying the most troublesome Cough, of promoting easy expectoration, relieving difficulty of breathing, tickling in the throat, hoarseness, habitual cough, &c. It has effected many cures in the incipient stages of Consumption and winter cough of elderly people, than any other medicine now before the public, the most obstinate cases having been cured by its timely application. It contains no opium, or any of its preparations, and may be taken with the greatest safety by the most delicate person, requiring no confinement, and will not in the least interfere with business. Reference can be given to a highly respectable gentleman, resident of this city, who procured the receipt for its preparation when in England, and who having for a long time suffered with obstruction of the breast and lungs, and recognes consumption, was by its timely use of this most excellent medicine, restored to perfect health. Reference can also be given to other very respectable persons, who having used this medicine with singular benefit, will most willingly bear testimony to its efficacy.

☞ Price 50 cents per bottle. Prepared only at HOLMES'S PHARMACEUTICAL Drug and Chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, Philadelphia. feb 14—3m

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 21 South Third street, half way between Market and Chesnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

2,000 La Plata Hides, 500 La Guyra Hides,
2000 Cuba do 500 Pernambuco, do.
1000 Rio Grande, do. all of the best quality.
2500 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kippe, for Upper Leather.
100 Bdls. best Sweats and Bank Hides.

All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 28 '35—1y No. 21 South Third Street.

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 219 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, where fashionable Carpets of every description are manufactured in the most superior style. Also, ready made Carpets kept on hand, which will be sold wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.

Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

The subscriber also informs the public in general, that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale, of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States, at very low prices for cash.

Also, several hundred yards very superior Plaid Carpeting, N. B.—The advertiser has recovered a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. feb 23—tm

Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS' Levels,
SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.

No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous recommendations in his possession, received from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making such a pledge.

As surviving partner of the late firm of Saunders & Draper, he also flatters himself he possesses an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation universally conceded to their instruments.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most favourable terms, by

EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 15—1y

Farm for Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Vendue, on the 9th of 5th month next, between 12 and 3 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, the Plantation wherein Rebecca Jones now lives, in the township of Mansfield, county of Burlington, New Jersey, called Fair View Farm, containing 240 acres, about 100 of which is farm, 40 meadow, and the remainder woodland. It is divided into lots of about 20 acres each, inclosed with good chesnut and cedar fences—a stream of water runs through the meadow, and four of the former fields have good springs of water to them. The improvements are a good dwelling house, a well of good water at the door, a barn and hog house, a stabling and stalls for cattle and sheep. A public road runs through said farm, from Burlington to Columbus, about 3 miles from the former and 2 from the latter place, at each of which places there is a place of deposite on the Camden and Amboy, and Delaware and Atlantic Rail-roads—about three miles from a grist mill, 1 from a saw mill, and meetings of every denomination in the neighbourhood. The facilities for getting to market, and various other reasons will render it convenient for improvement. For further information, please call on the subscriber, or Abraham Z. Stiver, who resides on said farm.

☞ Sale will be positive. CALEB SHREVE, Jr.
mar 14—6t

Important to Tailors.

ALLEN WARD, Nos. 79 and 80 Arcade, Philadelphia, gives notice, that he has lately patented what he calls the PROOF EYE for FAILURING, and now offers the Rights, with explanations, models, &c., thereunto belonging, for the sum of *ten dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The money may be sent to him by mail, or otherwise, whereupon the application will be forwarded, and the model and specification of which will be explained; and any person disapproving of the use of the system, after giving it a fair trial, shall have his money refunded, by returning the models, &c. as received.

Ward's Wand, continues to publish quarterly, the Fashions, accordingly to the *Protractor System*, the price of which is *ten dollars per year*, payable in advance.

Letters with money inclosed, may be addressed,
ALLEN WARD, Philadelphia, Pa.
mar 21—3t

The Consumption

Is Curable, with care and proper Remedies.

DR. RAFINESQUE, Professor of Medical Botany, &c., continues to practice exclusively as a Botanist in Diseases of the Lungs, and is very successful in curing or relieving them in all the stages. He has cured many hundred cases (from Boston to New Orleans) within seven years past, by using remedies of various kinds, operating direct on the Lungs by inhalation, on the stomach and on the skin. His preparations called PULMALIA, are chiefly known and used in Syrup, Balsam, Lotion, &c. They are sold by all the principal druggists, who are willing to buy at a large discount from wholesale prices and to give satisfaction on specific cases for $10, and sends them with the most clear and minute directions. For a remittance of $25, the value of $35 medicines and advice is sent. Verbal advice $5; Medicines $10 for 30 doses, lasting about 30 days. Peculiar medicines made up for every case, as hardly two are alike. The life or recovery of his patients are insured when required. Medicines sent to any part of the world. Dr. RAFINESQUE, is sold for one dollar. Apply personally or by letters, post paid, to DR. RAFINESQUE, Professor,
mar 14—tf No. 110 North 10th street.

THE CELEBRATED
Depurating Syrup.

THIS valuable Syrup, which now stands unrivalled as a curative agent in

Scrofula or King's Evil, Diseases of the Skin,
Syphilis, Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire,
Mercurial and Syphilold Affections, Obstinate Ulcerations,
White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver,
Diseases of the Bones, Chronic Rheumatism, &c.

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is confidently recommended to those labouring under any of the above mentioned forms of disease.

The truly extraordinary depurating properties of this preparation, which are now universally acknowledged, renders panegyric unnecessary; yet the incredulous can fully satisfy themselves, by reference to the numerous and highly respectable testimonials of its efficacy, now in the possession of the proprietor. The proprietor wishes to remark, that he is aware of no instance in which the Depurating Syrup has failed to cure, where the directions for its use have been properly attended to.

The Depurating Syrup is put up in flutted bottles, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the subscriber, without which none is genuine. Direction for its use accompany each bottle. Price $1. Sold by GEO. A. ARRICK, No. 139 Race street, Philadelphia.

Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Queen and Hanover streets, Kensington, also by the following Agents who have been appointed for the sale of the above medicine:—D. E. Sickler, (Principal Agent,) south west corner of Fourth and Race streets; Frank. Klett & Co. southeast corner of Second and Callowhill sts.; Geo. Mellor, northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut streets; T. Metz, 1st door above Vine, 202 Second street; A. Arrick, 351 South Second street, opposite German; John Brinkhurst, southeast corner of Tenth and Chesnut streets; R. Jordan & Co., southeast corner of Third and Arch streets, and N. W. corner of Third and Vine above Race; D. Gilbert, N. W. corner of South and Fourth streets; and Dr. M'Clintock, in Fourth opposite Beaver street. mar 7—6m

East Bradford Boarding School,
FOR BOYS.

THIS Institution still remains open for the reception of students. Its situation is pleasant, healthy, and